Vol. CXXXI. No. 1710.

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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 23, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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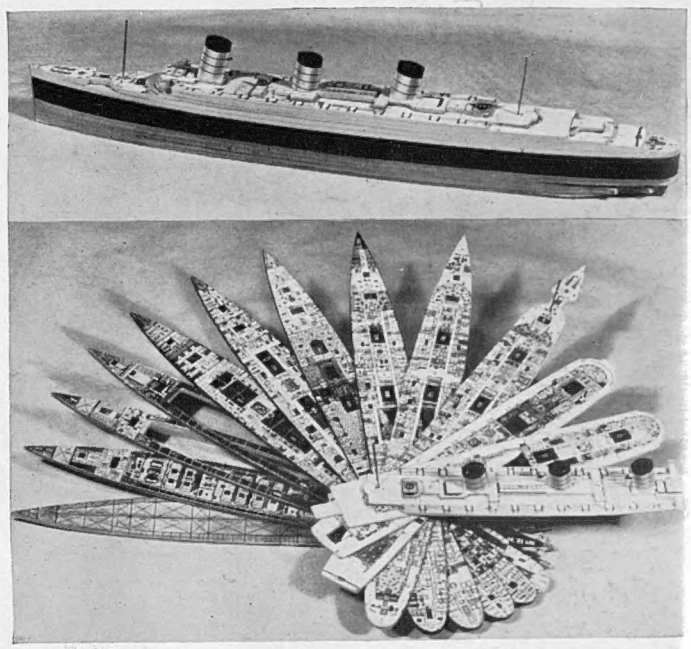

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The Bystander, September 23, 1936 No. 1710. Vol. CXXXI.

The Bystander

John Everard

He 'll Make You Whistle

And laugh, and clap, the last above all by the nimble irrepressible doings of his "witty feet." English audiences adore tap-dancing, and Jack Buchanan is England's tap-dancer-in-chief. In his new show at the Palace, he does plenty of it, with Elsie Randolph as his constant companion in foot-patter. The story of *This 'll Make You Whistle* is slighter than ever, but it gets the hero into the right sort of silly situations for Mr. Buchanan to fool his way out of. And the musical accompaniment to the fooling and dancing is as whistle-able as the name of this piece of cheerful nonsense says

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Republicans have recaptured Maine in the elections for Governor, Senator, and Congressmen, but it is a pretty unconvincing victory. Maine is a traditionally Republican State, and has hardly been affected by any of the benefits which might arise out of the New Deal. Also Governor Landon went to help in the campaign. The result is rather as if South Kensington, or Basingstoke, or Dover, had been once stampeded into returning a Socialist and had then been later recaptured, after an intensive campaign led by Mr. Baldwin, by a majority of 200. The Republicans will have to do better than that.

WHEN Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made an Election promise last year that the Government if returned would nationalise coal-mining royalties within two months, he did not, of course, mean two months. It was just a politician's way of saying "some time or other." As a matter of fact, the Bill will actually be introduced this autumn and has a good chance of passing within fourteen months of the original promise. A mistake of about six hundred per cent. is nothing for a politician. There will be some handsome scrapping when the Bill does come up, incidentally, for the royalty owners are claiming a cool fifty million more than they are likely to be offered. What a pity that Bob Smillie and the late Duke of Northumberland will not be here to renew their classic contest of 1920-21!

SIR WALTER CITRINE, fresh from writing a careful and earnest description of a visit to Russia, smote the Communists' horse, foot and artillery at the Trades Union Congress. His deadly precision and his knowledge of the facts of recent history gave him an advantage over the extremists, and the Moscow trial and butchery of the Zinoviev crew did the rest for him. The Trades Union movement in this country, by supporting the Government's non-intervention policy in Spain, and by virtually agreeing to rearmament, has shown a great fund of level-headed sanity.

THE French Government has suddenly taken a stern and drastic step in Africa. It has demanded an indemnity from the Spanish rebels in Morocco for the murder of a French subject, and has threatened the closing of the French-Spanish frontier in Morocco if satisfaction is not immediately forthcoming. This may be the first move in the restlessness of the French Left Wing against the policy of non-intervention of which I spoke last week. If it is, all kinds of serious and sinister repercussions may follow.

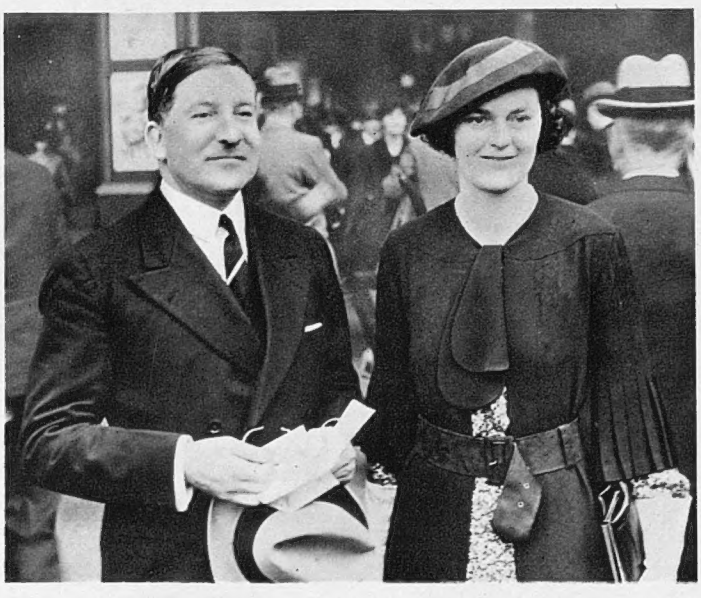
I TRUST I will not be accused of taking sides in the Spanish civil war when I say that I am enchanted to hear of the revival of the Spanish prisoner swindle. Completely up to date, the dear old boy is now a major in the insurgent army and has been captured by the Government troops. He is lying, poor chap, in a dungeon in Valencia (he must have lain in pretty nearly every dungeon in Spain in his time by now), and his entire fortune in English banknotes to the tune of £60,000 is hidden in a secret trunk which he cannot get at. What a chance for anyone who wishes to strike a shrewd blow for Franco and at the same time pick up a packet! For a beggarly £300—in cash, payable in advance—the major will give you £20,000 and his beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter, and the Spanish Government will lose the £60,000.

LONDON is absurdly full of foreigners. One expects to find them surging round the Cheshire Cheese or the Savoy or the gates of Buckingham Palace, but nowadays it is almost impossible to find a native of the city even in such places

(Concluded on page 508)

He Won — She Lost

Fred Perry won the American Singles Championship for the third time at Forest Hills after a terrific five-set battle with Budge. Helen Jacobs lost the women's title to Alice Marble by 4—6, 6—3, 6—2



End of the Holidays: the Governors of Madras and Bombay Take the "School Train" for India

Lord Erskine has been Governor of Madras since 1934. He and Lady Erskine went back to In a last week after four months' leave. He is Lord Mar and Kellie's elder son; his wife is Lord Bristol's daughter. He was an M.P. and Assistant Whip before he got this appointment

Lord and Lady Brabourne set off for Bombay by the same train, to sail on the Strathmore. He has been Governor of Bombay since 1933 and before that was P.P.S. to the Secretary of State for India. Lady Brabourne is Lord Sligo's sister. They have two schoolboy sons

Howard Coster, London

W. S. Morrison, M.P.—a Brilliant Highlander

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury (he was born in Argyll) already has a versatile collection of achievements to his credit. The war broke in on his education but gave him an M.C. and three mentions in dispatches in return for four years' service with the R.F.A. Edinburgh gave him his education—school and university; at the latter he became president of the Union. As a lawyer he was called to the Bar in 1923 and became a K.C. in 1934, with various secretaryships to the Solicitor-General and Attorney-General in between, plus two unsuccessful attacks on the Western Isles as Conservative candidate. In 1931 Cirencester gave him his seat in the Commons, and the Attorney-General made him his P.P.S. Last year he became Recorder of Walsall and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Since then his great ability, his power as a speaker, his remarkable and attractive personality and his striking appearance (young face, deep-set gleaming eyes, iron-grey hair) have more and more impressed the House and the public. Now he has entered the foreign affairs field (the place for a man to make or break his career these days) as chairman of the international non-intervention-in-Spain committee that is meeting in London. He is married and has three sons, and has made his home in the lovely country of his constituency

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 506)

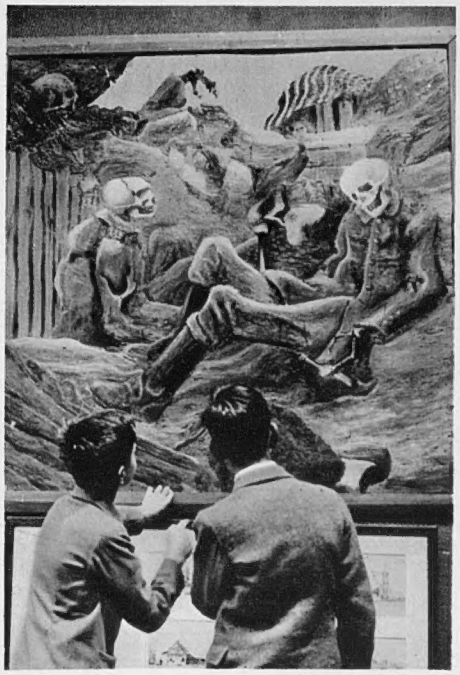
as North Kensington or West Ealing. I suppose it is the cheap sterling and the general restlessness on the Continent that brings them over. If it goes on much longer we may even find a few Frenchmen venturing across the Channel.

MESSRS. GOLLANCZ, the publishers, have issued a grim pamphlet about Carl von Ossietzky, the German pacifist, who has been in prison ever since Hitler came into office on no other charge than that of pacifism. The story of how a healthy, resolute, idealistic lover of humanity has been reduced to a shaking, shambling wreck of a man in a year or two is a terrible record. He is now reported to have been "converted to Nazi principles" while in prison, and to have been allowed, in consequence, to go into hospital.

THE first volume of Mrs. Dugdale's biography of her uncle, Lord Balfour, has been eagerly looked forward to. It would be difficult to imagine a happier choice of a biographer—for Mrs. Dugdale, who was for years Chief of the Intelligence Section of the League of Nations Union, is endowed not only with brains, wit, and knowledge, but with a quality that is rarer than any of them—fair-mindedness. No one could be more fundamentally opposed to myself politically and racially (Mrs. Dugdale is a granddaughter of the Duke of Argyll, head of the unspeakable Clan Campbell), but I have always had to admit that she has the fairest mind I have ever encountered in an opponent.

THE indignant controversy which is raging over the fitness or unfitness of amateur magistrates to administer justice is great fun. We are being treated to the capital spectacle of two rival sets of old gentlemen slanging away at each other as if they were back in the lower third. "Yah! You 're too deaf to hear the evidence!" shrieks one octogenarian to another, catching him neatly in the left eye with an ink-pellet. "I 'm not any more deaf than a High Court judge!" screams the other old boy, slipping a small frog down the first one's neck. "And who wants evidence at Petty Sessions, anyway?" Lord Morris says that aged J.P.s are almost doddering imbeciles. "Let him come down to Rye!" shouts Mr. E. F. Benson ghoulishly, "and drive his motor at a dangerous speed along the High Street," and then, apparently, his lordship will see doddering imbecility doing its stuff to no uncertain tune.

THE Silence of Swindon is becoming positively portentous. I wrote last week of the queer motoring case in that town. The P.C. bringing the charge was uncorroborated and in plain clothes. He was on an over-taking motor-cycle so that his speedometer was no check on the car's speed. The magistrates convicted. Now for the strange sequel. Several other motorists have come forward with identical experiences. The plain-clothes motor-cyclist stopped them and said he had timed them over four-tenths of a mile—always four-tenths—at 32 m.p.h.—always 32. In court the speed had mysteriously risen to 37 m.p.h.—always 37. These, mind you, are the allegations. But where is the reply? Where is the impenetrable defence? So far, not a whisper, not a breath. Swindon is Silent.

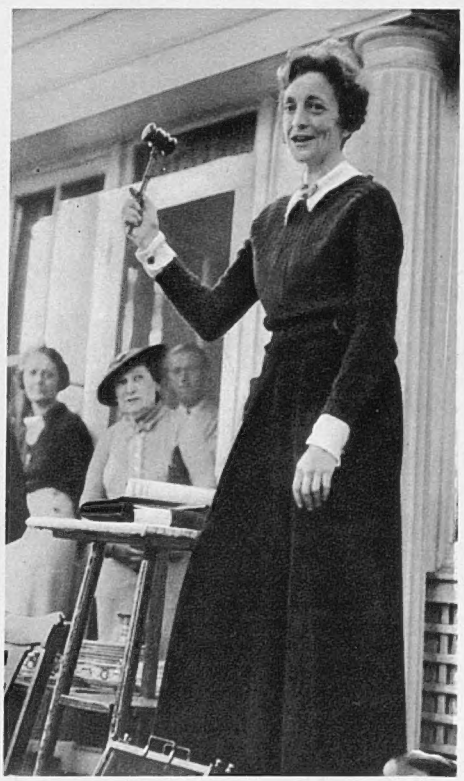


Schoolboy's Picture

This grim war picture, called "Festubert, 1915," was painted by a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, J. Fleming, who is at Rugby. It is being shown at the Public Schools Art Exhibition at the Imperial Institute in aid of the Dockland Settlements

Mrs. Beryl Markham in New York

Mrs. Markham arrived at the Floyd Bennet Field, New York, with a plastered forehead and thousands of people to cheer her after her east to west solo Atlantic flight. She flew on in a service 'plane from Nova Scotia, where she made her forced descent



Elsie Janis Wants to Travel Light

Elsie Janis's new career is to "make others happy" in a less light-hearted way than she did as one of the most popular actresses in the world. She started on it by selling all her possessions at her lovely old house at Tarrytown, New York, so that she can "travel light"

LIEUT. G. L. RAMPLING, the world-famous quarter-miler, has announced his retirement from "big" running. He is twenty-seven years of age and feels that he is becoming an old man. All things come to an end, but it is sad to think that we shall never again see this great runner on the track. His last appearance was in the relay against the United States the other day, when the Empire's quartet would unquestionably have broken the world's record if the stop-watch had not unfortunately come unstuck at the critical moment.

I BETOOK myself the other evening to one of the wittiest and most amusing entertainments I have seen for years. It was called *The Two Bouquets*, by that versatile sister and brother, Miss Eleanor and Master Herbert Farjeon. If it does not run for a year the London theatre public ought to be forcibly transplanted to Devil's Island, or Glossop, or somewhere.

THE death, at the untimely age of thirty-seven, of Irving Thalberg removes one of the few film producers of Hollywood who have risen above a sort of flashy and competent mediocrity. There was a distinct promise about Thalberg that he might approach some of the big European producers in quality.

THE merger is announced of Gaumont-British, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Twentieth Century-Fox. Each company is to have twenty per cent. of the shares, and the British public is to subscribe the remaining forty per cent. In this way, the announcement continues, the control of the new company remains in British hands. I see. Of course.

Left : Mr. and Mrs. Martin Soames were at the Gleneagles Hotel. He is Mrs. Reggie Sheffield's brother and she was Myra Drummond, and is a niece of the Earl of Perth. Their son was christened not long ago

Right : Miss Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee, Miss Jean Grant, and Miss Marion Cameron were out on an Aberdeenshire moor. Jean Grant is a sister of Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk ; Marion Cameron is Cameron of Lochiel's daughter

Shooting in Aberdeenshire

Scottish Season

Playing Golf and Going Shooting

Gleneagles Golf

Viscount Glenorchy and his half-brother, Hugo Nicholson, played golf together. Hugo Nicholson has just left Sandhurst where he won the "Saddle," and has been gazetted to the 14th/20th in India

Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux are another pair of young-marrieds who have been taking their Scottish exercise on the Gleneagles courses

End of a Long Run

Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton had just got back to Perthshire after an 18,000-mile motor tour of Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia. She visited the family of her fiancé, Herr von Einem, who is in the Austrian Army

North Berwick Engagement

Left : Miss Pam Deuchar, second of the attractive North Berwick sisters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Deuchar, of Inchdura, North Berwick, is engaged to Mr. Edward Sparke Davies, son of the late L. J. Sparke Davies and Mrs. Sparke Davies, of Oaklands, Jersey

Right : Mrs. Robert Cobbold was staying at the Gleneagles Hotel for a week-end with her husband, before going on to the Lochaber Ball. She was Patricia Gibson-Watt before her wedding last year, and is really lovely to look at

Lord Waleran and Miss Betty Carr

Lord Waleran, the second Baron, who succeeded his grandfather in 1925, married Betty Emsley Carr as his second wife last week. She is the younger daughter of Sir Emsley and Lady Carr, of Wonford, Walton-on-the-Hill. They were married at Epsom

Miss Amalia Demetriadi and Mr. William Rhodes-Moorhouse

William Rhodes-Moorhouse, only son of the late Lieut. W. B. Rhodes-Moorhouse, V.C., and Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse, of 14, Trevor Place, S.W., and Amalia Demetriadi, only daughter of Sir Stephen Demetriadi, of Streat, Sussex, and Lady Demetriadi, of 12, Arlington Street, S.W., were married at Marylebone Register Office

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

BREAKING a journey in Paris for less than a day in which to change and clean up after a night journey from the South, is never much fun, so we came straight through last week and got home in time to dine at the San Marco on the night that Jimmy Rogers opened there. His songs at the piano are witty, and the L.C.C. can't object as they did to our friend, Mr. Fiske, whose censoring by members of the London Fire Brigade has definitely enhanced his reputation in the U.S.A.

Among the diners that night, Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson were by far the most interesting. Two popular bachelors, Mr. Tatham and Mr. Milbanke, who were heard discussing their respective trades—*i.e.*, wine and cigars—went on to the Four Hundred to join a large party given by Mr. Jay Carlisle, which included Lady Jersey, Lady Mary Herbert, Count Paul Munster, and Major Jimmy Foster.

Two Clever Sisters

Two first nights on one evening, and one of them produced by Mr. Noel Coward, is enough to mark the opening of the Little Season. The play concerned, *Mademoiselle*, was adapted by those clever sisters, Audrey and Waveney Carten, who combine an interest in the theatre with social and artistic activities.

The younger one, who is Mme. Vladimir Provotoroff in private life, has recently taken up dress designing in a big way, having designed her own very original clothes for years. One wonders how anyone as frail as Waveney Provotoroff appears to be can get through all she does in a day. She says insomnia is the explanation, as she is up and awake at seven o'clock every morning, and the days are endless unless she has too much to do.

On the opening night at Wyndham's, Mr. Noel Coward sat with his mother in a box, accompanied by Mrs. Calthrop, who did the décor; Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wearing some really lovely jewellery, was one who caught our eye in the stalls; also Lord and Lady Duveen, not among the usual list of theatre-goers.

Isabel Jeans, as the scatter-brained mother in the play, wore most lovely and unusual clothes that provoked sighs of envy and longing from the feminine portion of the audience.

A Coloured Cabaret

MRS. ROBERT KIRKWOOD'S birthday was the reason of a very good party in the "Pinafore Room" one night last week.

About twenty people sat down to dinner, lots more arrived later, and the coloured cabaret from the Shim-Sham was an enormous success.

Well-known beauties included Mrs. David Heneage and Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, who came on from the opening night at the Embassy, and looked lovely in the plainest of black evening dresses.

Guardsmen and their wives included the James Hennesseys and "Stewey" Fosters. Mr. Dick Sutton came as a grass widower, his wife being up north; Mr. Robin Wilson danced with his hostess, whose white satin dress printed with bunches of purple flowers was the prettiest in the room. It was a grand party, and difficult to leave around three-thirty.

Overheard During a Lull

JUST to illustrate the futile and ignorant attitude of most people to the terror in Spain, we must pass on a couple of true stories.

The first concerns two women, who, during the worst period of the shelling of San Sebastian, were lying face downwards on the floor of a corridor in their hotel, surrounded by mattresses to stop any stray bullets, when, during a lull in the terrific bombardment, one turned to the other, who was a total stranger, and said: "Are you staying long in Spain?"

The other was a remark overheard in the Carlton Bar at Cannes, when a pretty silly woman said to another silly pretty woman: "But, my dear, you mustn't dream of going to Madrid. I hear it's madly ungay this summer."

Mrs. Cartwright Regrets

AT the villa Casa Estella, which Mrs. Charles Aubrey Cartwright has taken at Antibes, there are intimate little luncheon parties (never less than twenty!) on the terrace every day. People land from their motor-boats and dress and undress for bathing in small rock caves that remind one of Stonehenge.

Hanging under the front door-bell of the villa is a notice printed in both

Film Stars at a Film Première

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, took Marlene Dietrich with him to the première of his new film, "Accused," at the London Pavilion. The first scene of Marlene Dietrich's picture for London Films' "Knight Without Armour," was shot last Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton

They went to the first night of "Careless Rapture," in which Mrs. Thornton's mother, Zena Dare, has a leading part

Dorchester Opening

Mr. C. B. Cochran went to the first night of the amusing new Dorchester cabaret last week. In his party was the Hon. Pamela Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's sister

Miss Christine Lindsay

Is the attractive actress sister of Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., and opened a garden-party at Rowallan Castle in his constituency, Kilmarnock. He has been Civil Lord of the Admiralty since last year

French and English, saying, "Mrs. Cartwright regrets she cannot receive anyone, either on the rocks or at the house, before twelve-thirty without a very special appointment." There is a delicious "Miss Otis" flavour about this, but how right the hostess is to protect herself from the slap-you-on-the-back hearties who hate to miss a moment of "this glorious sun."

New Form of Window-Dressing

More news from Cannes, where the season is by no means over yet, is that there are fewer rows among the crowd trailing along the Croisette, presumably because the weather is cooler than usual, and a diverting sight before any of the evening galas is Antoine's window, packed with women with their hair in nets waiting patiently to be "released."

The smartest woman in Cannes is Mme. Mathis, whose husband makes the small cars that you see everywhere. She is tall and slim and has the rare gift of looking well in everything she wears, whether it is shorts or an exact copy of an English sailor's clothes, or decked out in a divine white evening dress with amazing emeralds and diamonds.

A Radio Offer

At a dinner party given by the Marquis and Marquise de Cuevas (she is a niece of the great Rockefeller) small tables were arranged round a dance-floor in the illuminated garden. A Tzigane band played, and late in the evening Lady Orr-Lewis sang excerpts from *Madame Butterfly*. We hear she has had some interesting and extremely lucrative offers to sing on the radio in America. For a television act she would be worth even more, being remarkably good-looking.

"Prince Din-Din"

From Aix-les-Bains we hear that since Princess Marie Louise arrived, the English chemist, Mr. Laughton Bramley, who "doubles" the part of British Consul, has scarcely time to concoct a prescription owing to the fan-mail of begging letters that the Princess receives.

She laid a wreath at the statue of her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, and was present at the first battle of flowers ever held in Aix-les-Bains.

The Aga Khan left before Doncaster, but his lovely wife is staying on with their little son, Prince Sadrudin, who speaks French and English equally well, and is known in his hotel as "Prince Din-Din."

A Happy Recovery

Lord Rennell of Rodd has made a miraculous recovery from a serious attack of congestion of the lungs which caused great anxiety. Their family were scattered about on holiday, and when poor Lady Rennell was told to send for them she had to put an advertisement in a paper, which somehow luckily caught the eye of her painter son-in-law, Simon Elwes, who was at Salzburg and managed to collect the clan, and they proceeded to their father's bedside. Happily, all is well, and they were all about to leave when last we heard.

MISS PEEPS

Lord and Lady Plunket

Left: Lord and Lady Plunket went to the première of "Accused," the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.-Dolores del Rio film at the London Pavilion. The crowd to watch the audience go in needed a stockade of policemen to check their enthusiasm

Right: Sir Charles and Lady Higham went to the first night of Jack Buchanan's "This 'll Make You Whistle." Lady Higham was Mrs. A. M. Neligan before her recent marriage

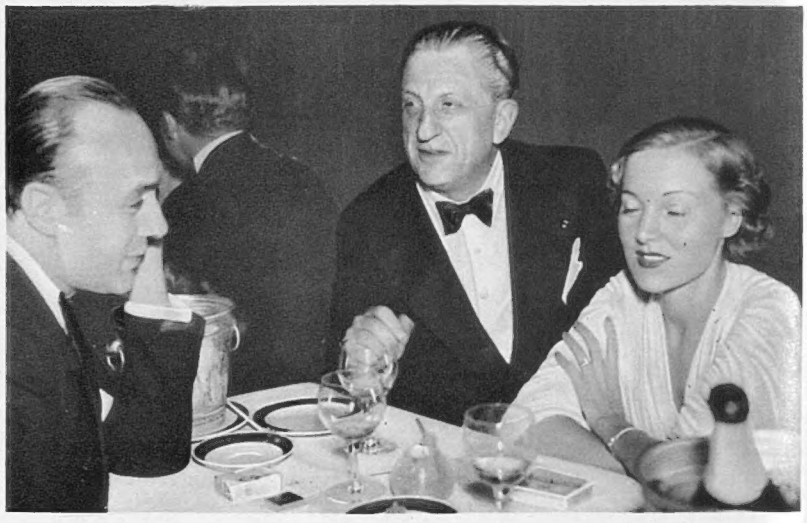
Sir Charles and Lady Higham

Return to London

The Autumn Night-Life Season Begins

Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget and Lord Normanby

Were at the Café de Paris on its opening night last week. Mrs. Carleton Paget spent part of August in the South of France (so did Lady Plunket). Twenty-four-year-old Lord Normanby succeeded in 1932



Mr. Charles Boyer, M. Henri Bernstein and Miss Pat Patterson

Mr. Owen Roberts and Miss Pat Charles

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer (she's Pat Patterson) and Henri Bernstein were at the Four Hundred. They had lately come over from Paris. M. Bernstein has another play coming on this autumn in London

Left: Owen Marshall Roberts and Pat Charles were also having a late night at the Four Hundred. They were married last Monday and have gone out to Venice for their honeymoon

Right: Gracie Fields and American star Monty Banks ate their supper to the glittering "Folies de Femmes" accompaniment of a London Casino night

Miss Gracie Fields and Mr. Monty Banks

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Farewell Performance" and "Laughter in Court"

"Farewell Performance" (Lyric)

THE piercing first-nighter in the gallery who, almost before the final curtain has fallen on a splash performance, cleaves the auditorium with her keen "Breyvo!" (as "Breyvo, Sybil!", "Breyvo, Ivor!", "Breyvo, Edna!"), must have been on tenter-hooks all through *Farewell Performance*, at the Lyric Theatre. For this adaptation by John L. Balderston from the Hungarian of Lajos Zilahy is essentially a *bravura*—or *breyvura*—piece of work. Every line, every situation, petitions the more easy-going gods for a *breyvissimo* verdict. And when an actress like Mary Ellis who is both on the right side of forty and furiously famous, pretends, if only for an act or so, to be an old, old lady, it is one of the axioms of the interval that she must, my dear, be giving a most marvellous performance. To put on a white wig at all is a feat for acclamation.

Yet, for some reason, that white wig, even though it be buttressed by stick and spectacles, seldom suffices. Those unwithered hands, that creaseless face, coupled with an atmosphere of sex but half-suppressed, would surely be enough to excuse a Jocasta complex in the least susceptible of sons. The late Willy Clarkson, being asked after a certain first night how it all went off, once enthusiastically answered: "Splendid, my boy, splendid! You couldn't see a join." But there are joins and joins. It is the gaps invisible to the naked eye that really matter.

IN defence of Mary Ellis, who is a star of more than common brilliance, let it be urged that she is not supposed really to be old. She is supposed only to be a Hungarian actress impersonating an old lady in a Tyrolean hotel. Possibly that actress is not a very good one. Certainly she is no realist at heart, as you may judge when she makes such remarks as "The beauty of it swept over me like a warm wave," or "I must unfold that girl's soul like a flower." (Meat and drink, this, to our little Breyvo!)

Moreover, certain advantages open to this heroine in her stage work would obviously be denied her in real life. Try yourself making up as an old lady to deceive the world. Purchase your wig, your stick, your spectacles, and crack, if you have the trick of it, your voice. This you may safely do. But to line your face or yellow your hands with grease-paint would mean instant detection in any public place. And since the demand is all for youth-and-beauty experts, and there are no parlours where they will desiccate your skin, abase your face, or increase your superfluous hairs for an extortionate fee, your only chance of getting away with it will be the natural disposition of the world to disbelieve that any woman in her right senses would want to look older than she is before her time.

Temperamental actress likes her lovers temperamental too (Mary Ellis)

Sketches by Rouson

Temperamental lover doesn't like flowers (Griffith Jones)

WAS Tina Gerling, the heroine of *Farewell Performance*, in her right senses? Certainly, she must have had a kink. With a rampagious lover of the Hungarian cavalry type giving her not a moment's peace and tearing up the bouquets sent to her by other stage admirers to the last petal, it was, perhaps, human enough to heave a sigh for the unemotional serenity of the sere, the yellow leaf. But when her doctor, detecting a weak heart, gave her five years at most, how strange that her chief grief should have been, not over dying when youth was so full and sweet, but over dying before she could experience the rare pleasures of senility. She *had* so looked forward to being old and keeping a canary and all that. Yet, after all—since she was an actress by profession—why not?

And so, away with her to the Tyrolean retreat where once, with her rampagious lover, she was so hectically romantic, but where now, received by unsuspecting

Rational discussion between husband that would be (Edmund Breon), husband that is (Evelyn Roberts), and husband that was (Ronald Squire)

The Theatre

(Continued from page 513)

septuagenarians as one of themselves, she can sip the sweets of humdrummery to the dregs. Here she knits. Here she gossips. Here she takes her daily constitutional with crumbs to feed the deer. And here that dear old fogey, O. B. Clarence, haltingly beseeches her to comfort his declining years and will receive his answer in the morning.

You perceive the opportunities offered by this violent contrast to a star performer. In Act I., the rapturous roses of passion, plentifully bespiked with thorns ; quarrels and reconciliations, blows and embraces, impulses, explosions, indiscretions ; and a curtain descending as somebody ejaculates : " The devil ! What a woman ! " In Act II., the dramatic transformation from storm-tossed oceans to gently-flowing backwaters—gently-flowing but, be it whispered, a trifle tedious, for here one yawns a little, and even the heroine, who proposed to spend five years in them, endures them only for three weeks. Whence, in Act III., abruptly back to the old hell-for-leather life, back to the old madness of the footlights, back to Griffith Jones, who affects the heart far more seriously than O. B. Clarence. So seriously, indeed, that Miss Ellis expires in his arms—if she isn't only acting again. In any case, he and we all take her for dead, and home we go, wondering what on earth Hungary will give us next.

We may also wonder whether Miss Ellis would not be twice as good in a part half as showy. For in parts that are not showy at all, Mr. Leister (the doctor) and Mr. Clarence (the old fogey) carry off the acting honours almost unobserved.

"*Laughter in Court*" (*Shaftesbury*)

It is always a pleasure to meet Yvonne Arnaud and " Ronnie " Squire. True, they are known quantities, but so are most of the best things we see in the theatre ; and Miss Arnaud is so deliciously shrewd, Mr. Squire so deliciously rude, that it will be a long time yet before they pall.

The scene between those two in the first act of *Laughter in Court*, at the Shaftesbury, when Mr. Squire (divorced) comes to his ex-wife (married again) to get her to sew buttons on his now-buttonless pyjamas, is a little gem of its kind. There being but one button in the box, the question arises : where ?—the top, the bottom, or shall it be the middle ? While Miss Arnaud titillates our ears with characteristic novelties in mispronunciation (as *hu*miliated and ex*ped*itions), Mr. Squire once more exploits his comic genius for displays of petty selfishness and intense irritability over trifles. (Why has he never appeared in *The Importance of Being Earnest* ?) To see him snatch a paper from the hand of its reader is to confirm the opinion that, as a combination of good tailoring and bad manners, he has no equal in the West End.

We can well understand this first act being presented, as it is, by Mr. Cochran, with a company that includes not only Miss Arnaud and Mr. Squire, but Evelyn Roberts, Edmund Breon, and the ever-versatile Aubrey Dexter. The second act offers more of a puzzle, being a Divorce Court scene so antique in humour that it might have been written by some impressionable author immediately after the first night of *Trial by Jury*. The third act being strictly soporific, we are led to the conclusion that Mr. Cochran, spying the very genuine and individual wit contained in the early passages of this comedy, decided that in Hugh Mills he had discovered a young author who deserved to be encouraged. In this, I suspect, he was not mistaken.

Let us, then, hope that the public will back him up. If they do, it won't cost them much. If they don't, it may cost Mr. Cochran quite a lot.

Lady Reeve features resignation during rational discussion (Yvonne Arnaud)

Anthony

Pamela Stanley — Ophelia for New York

Since her debut as an actress in 1932 (a walking-on part in *Derby Day*), Pamela Stanley has had three seasons' worth of Shakespearean experience at the Open Air Theatre in all sorts of parts, including, this year, a rather surprising appearance as Puck in the *Dream*. Last week she sailed for America to play Ophelia opposite Leslie Howard in his much-talked-of production of *Hamlet* — a brilliant opportunity for a young actress with only four years' work behind her. But she made her reputation in a play that was Broadway's rage last season — *Victoria Regina*. Over there, Helen Hayes played the Queen; here, when Laurence Housman's play was put on at the Gate Theatre, Pamela Stanley gave a brilliant performance as Victoria. If the Censor hadn't banned the play for public production, she'd by now be far better known to London audiences. She is twenty-six, and the second of Lord Stanley of Alderley's three sisters

Scottish Season

Aboyne and Oban Retrospect

Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Horlick

Mrs. Arbuthnot Leslie is Spanish (her maiden name was de Landa), and came over to Aboyne from Lickleyhead Castle, her house on the other side of Aberdeenshire. With her is Mrs. Peter Horlick (Rosemary Nicholl that was)

Mrs. Jock Bruce and Mrs. Alan Campbell

Mrs. Jock Bruce was showing her Italian newspaper scarf to Mrs. Alan Campbell. She arrived from Brioni in time for the second day at Oban; her husband's cousin, Colonel Bruce Campbell, was Senior Steward of the Gathering this year

Mr. Alasdair Anderson

Close-up of Lord Halsbury's son-in-law (he married Lady Flavia Giffard in 1933). He has an exhibition of his pictures in London next month

Right: Monica Buxton and Diana Mills were staying for the Aboyne Games and Ball with Sir James and Lady Burnett at Crathes Castle

Miss Monica Buxton and Miss Diana Mills

Below: the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's two youngest sons (and their pipes) were photographed as lookers-on at Oban

Lord Malcolm and Lord David Douglas-Hamilton

Mr. Iain Galloway and Miss Rohays Burnett

Watching caber-tossing and the rest at Aboyne were Iain Galloway and Rohays Burnett, Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys' only daughter, she wearing a check suit and a Glengarry-ish little hat

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AMID the gloomiest forebodings of the cricket experts, the English Test Team has reached Australia. (There were a lot of troops entraining simultaneously for Palestine to combat the Arab oppressor when they left London, and the faithful got a bit muddled over raising their hats.) The experts all agree that trouble looms dark on the horizon. There is the steel-handled bat movement, headed by Bishop Bradman, to begin with—an Australian heresy more formidable, in the present state of things, than ever the Arian business was in the third century. There is also the barracking question. The Australian Board of Cricket Control have already issued an encyclical threatening to prosecute worshippers who barrack, but there 's a certain doubt if it will avail. On either question or both the Empire may be riven asunder and Australia may secede. Further, Australian professionals are paid about £200 for the Test series—a yearly wage for some English professionals—and treated as social equals, whereas our own (as Trevor Wignall acidly remarks) are parked in a rabbit-hutch at Lord's and strictly kept at their proper distance from gentlemen. Dear Heaven, is there not every reason for the British Cricketing Face (which so accurately resembles that of the kind but melancholy Horse, friend of man) to grow longer and longer as the time for the first Test approaches ?

What will happen if the real crisis arrives, an Australian friend assures us, is that the Australian Fleet will instantly change as one man into flannels and hoist a pair of Bradman's Sunday pants at the flagship's forepeak. Flying this emblem of truth and liberty, the fleet will occupy Sydney Harbour and bombard the Test ground with cricket-balls while the populace rise. President Bradman will then declare Australia independent, an English Test cricketer caught wearing a kind of cap obnoxious in shape and colour to the citizens will be formally shot, and the Declaration of Independence will be drawn up forthwith, beginning with two historic clauses :

1. Sydney Harbour is the finest in the world.
2. The steel-handled bat is the birthright of every free-born man.

Don't say we didn't warn you.

"Gad ! Anstruther, that 's a nice bit of cloth"

Change

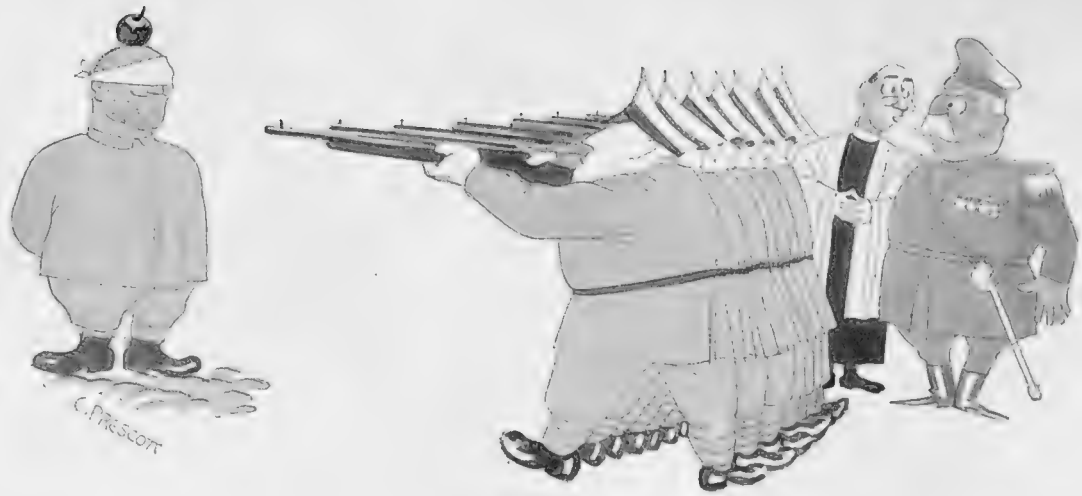
FOR those who are interested in our curious kind, the recent strike at the Michelin works at Clermont-Ferrand provided a thoughtworthy incident. A Red workman having insulted a foreman—the proud privilege of every Red—and been duly suspended, his comrades came out on strike and ran up the Red Flag over the Michelin works. The other workmen, who like work and are angry at being deprived of it, marched to the Préfecture under the Tricolor, singing the Marseillaise and resolving to stay out till the trouble was over. The nub of the incident to history-lovers is that not so very long ago the Tricolor and the Marseillaise alike signified everything the Red Flag does now—revolution, bloodshed, fury, rapine, general ruthlessness, and turning Society arsy-versy. To-day both are the insignia of French respectability.

The Tricolor dates from 1789, the year of the first conflagrations of the Revolution, the year of the Bastille. The first cockades of the Parisian mob were green, the colour of the leaves torn by Camille Desmoulins from the boulevard trees and flung to the populace. But green was also the livery of D'Artois, and before long the Hôtel-de-Ville ordered the cockades of the new dispensation to be of the colours of Old Paris—red and blue, on a background of white ; under which three colours, soon world-famous, so many vile and glorious and bestial and heroic things were done, and so much history made. And to-day the Tricolor is the colour of the bourgeois, and your French Red classes it with the Bourbon lilies. (Correct us if wrong.)

Ghost Story

IN the High Court next month the tenant of a country house is being sued by his landlord for rent, which he refuses to pay (according to the *Express*)

because he and his family have been disturbed by ghosts. The landlord disputes the presence of ghosts and adds that if there are any, they 're beyond his control and outside his responsibility. The case interests us because we were once involved in the same sort of trouble. We took a rural cottage belonging to a friend of ours, a critic and man of letters—Mr. Edward Shanks, to mention no names—and found it had a ghost in it; not a visible one, but a Disturbing Presence against whose invisible legs (dangling from a large nail in the beam) the cat used to rub itself, very unpleasantly, towards midnight. Ultimately we decided to get rid of this presence, and did so in a very simple and painless manner, once and for all, with no harm whatsoever to the fabric. This annoyed Mr. Shanks, who turned out to be deeply attached to his ghost and even bragged about it to his cronies, when safe in Town, as being one of the natural amenities of his cottage.



"It was his last wish"

A slightly acrid correspondence began, a suggestion of legal proceedings floating into it almost imperceptibly after the third week. A lawyer friend assured us that ghosts are *ferœ naturæ*, and can be abolished with impunity, but Mr. Shanks, mourning his lost ghost, grew more and more bitter, till his complaints created in the minds of all who heard him a picture of ruin and desolation, a cottage roofless and defiled, a desecrated hearth, the moon hiding her face from wrecked and crumbling walls, the bat and the screech-owl nesting in what was once a cottage fit for critics, the curses and wails of haggard rustics (pro-Shanks to a man) mixing with the howl of the night wind through broken rafters . . .

The trouble blew over ultimately without being taken to the High Court, but it was a narrow squeak. The moral is that those addicted to the Nordic sport of suicide should hang themselves *outside* cottages, lest their uneasy spirits create even more discomfort for the living than is absolutely necessary.

"I don't feel I can stomach Schubert to-day, Blacker"

Kermesse

WE'VE never yet been to Blackpool, one of the jolliest towns on earth. We 've been holding it jealously in reserve, a bonne bouche for our old age, but it 's a growing temptation every year. Places like Atlantic City and Coney Island stun and bewilder with their vast fun-making mechanism, but Blackpool, we 've always heard, pulsates with rich, ripe, roaring, eupeptic human enjoyment, the sort Shakespeare and Rabelais knew. Where else could you see the authentic ex-Rector of Stiffkey in a glass case decorated like a cavern, lying on a bed of (apparently) red-hot coals, a skeleton by his side and demons with pitchforks all round, at twopence a peep? According to Gordon Beckles the ex-rector makes £150 a week at this occupation. Yet his sideshow is but a drop in the enormous glittering whirlpool of Blackpool's attractions; and, thank Heaven, they 've had the nous not to "modernise" the colossal rococo crimson-and-gold ballroom of the Winter Gardens, stamped 1878 all over and a perfect period piece. Four thousand can dance in it at one time, and do, and how!

We 'd like to see Dr. Inge jazzing there in his shirt-sleeves with Mrs. Virginia Woolf. We 'd like to see Mr. Charles ("Sparkinplugge") Morgan on the Pleasure Beach sharing a paper of fish-and-chips and a bottle of stout with the editor of the *Times*, after a roaring session on the Wiggle-woggle. We feel a little decent vulgarity would do the refined souls of our leading thinkers enormous good and infuse a little red blood and humanity into their style, possibly. The "besoin de s'encanailler" is a healthy natural instinct, as Walter Pater complained when they threw him out of the Athenæum for kissing the chef, and no germ of priggery could live long in a Blackpool atmosphere. Blackpool and Rocamadour—these are two places every man should see before he dies.

Dumb Friends' Corner

THE latest news about the seven German storks in the Isle of Wight is that they seem to be liking it, and are attracting hundreds of visitors, who stare at them all day long. Special trains may be run from London before long for those lovers of spectacle who like staring at things. Almost any day they can see a lot of workmen digging a hole, or a horse fall down, or a man having a fit in the Strand, but the opportunity to stare at storks is rare, and we trust the Southern Railway turns it to advantage.

Meanwhile, several clergymen and others are asking us what Our Dumb Friends' League is doing to ensure the birds' comfort. We read a moving story the other day about a migrating stork which fell and broke its leg in Belgrade. A woman sympathiser had it removed at

once to a nursing-home. When it was quite well she chartered a special aeroplane to enable it to catch up with its friends. The stork was flown to Athens, changed into another 'plane, and joined its friends near Constantinople. That 's the kind of thing storks appreciate, and we trust something of the sort will be done for our dumb German visitors. Little flannel hats to guard them from colds in the head ; tiny air-cushions to mitigate the hardness of chimney-pots—have you ever sat on a chimney-pot ? ; dainty beak-rests for them to rest their beaks on when tired—a dozen more things will suggest themselves to those who truly care. It 's likely to be a hard winter, the weather experts say. Let 's make England a Real Home for storks.

Potion

ONE thousand brand-new cocktails were shaken and sipped during the recent International Wine, Spirit and Hotel Trades Exhibition at Grosvenor House—a significant commentary, as many epicures will bitterly tell you, on the increasing barbarism of the age. We ourselves never drink a cocktail before dinner without remembering the opening sentence of a recent cookery book by Paul Reboux, an acknowledged master of gastronomy : " I view such a spectacle with horror and disgust." Those who drink cocktails before dinner—it seems that in the wild Midlands nowadays, according to Mr. Priestley, they regularly drink them *after* the evening meal, a custom only comparable in its ferocity with the eating of human flesh—those who drink cocktails before dinner are drenching the stomach in a mixture of iced alcohols at the precise moment when its delicate tissues are preparing, with the aid of the gentle juices and pepsins, to make digestion a natural delight, and when the palate is ready to receive the flavours of good food. Down swishes the cocktail, coating the palate with corrugated tin and turning the digestive apparatus into old iron, and it gives M. Reboux gloomy pleasure to indicate the ultimate results, of which dyspepsia is the least depressing. Nor does he forget that the cocktail is the invention of a people whom Almighty God has seen fit to deprive of a palate for wine, the drink and ally of civilised man.

The alternative is naturally sherry, which behaves like a gentleman towards a well-bred stomach. We drink it ourselves by special arrangement with H. Warner Allen, a recognised sherry authority and a man of urbanity and charm to whom the terrorist methods of the Left Wing of the Wine and Food Society are abhorrent. " Beating old ladies on the sole of the foot to make them understand about food," said Mr. Allen to us once, very firmly, " is a cruel and un-English practice, and while I live I shall set my face against it."

Tailpiece

APROPOS our recent note on Miss Bergner's Rosalind in the Barrie-Shakespeare film, James Agate, our old friend and mentor, corrects us. He says Ellen Terry never played Rosalind. Irving had for some time contemplated doing *As You Like It* with her, but when he came to read the play he found there was no part for him in it. Therefore, one sunny morning, the great man fixed the Terry with that magnificent eye and said blandly : " My dear, I 've changed my mind—we 're going to do *Coriolanus*." Which, as the French say, was done.

Incidentally, Mr. Agate suggests that the present gamut of La Bergner (if you remember *Escape Me Never*) runs thus : alpha, beta, Gemma, full stop. He adds that this crack is copyright by and reserved to him, which is of course the sheerest misconception, as this paragraph shows. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" *My* dear—don't *tell me it 's a* baby ! "

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 39

Nicolas Zographos

ALL the famous gamblers of the past—from the Irish rake-hells that flourished in the days of Charles II. down to the present day, whether they broke the bank at Monte Carlo, won huge coups on the Turf, or ran gaming joints in New York, pale into insignificance when compared with Nicolas Zographos.

Zographos is usually given the label of "head of the Greek Syndicate." In point of fact, he *is* the Greek Syndicate. Time was when he acted as the professional card-player for Vagliano and his partners at Deauville, Cannes and the Cercle Haussmann, but then he bought them out. To-day he employs his own nephews and cousins to hold an open bank against the richest men in the world, while he tries to bring his handicap at golf down to single figures. For at baccarat he has not touched a card himself since 1933. He found that his heart and his digestion were suffering, and no wonder. On one occasion, at a single session he lost 36 million francs. Those of you who like to do a little arithmetic will find that this is still man-sized money in pounds sterling. The minimum aggregate of the stakes against him that night were five million francs a hand. But the little man never flinched. With his haunted eyes, sunburnt skin, high forehead and imperceptible fatigue he dealt the cards with his tiny hands as coolly as if he were playing for drachmas. For Zographos has the best manners in the world. He is punctilious to a degree, self-contained, quiet and as cool as a menthol cigarette. And philosophical. He does not believe in luck—not even in cycles of luck. I argued with him. But there—mathematics are his gods.

HE says that there can be as big a difference in skill between two chemin de fer or baccarat players as there is between the scratch golfer and the sixteen-handicap man. Which is worth pondering over. But who is he and where does he come from? If you ask him, he will say he was born in Athens. If you press him, he will admit to having been in shipping. If you persecute him, he will say nothing. It is recorded in the newspaper clippings of the *Journal* in Paris that he is worth thirteen million pounds. I doubt it. Probably he is worth about three million pounds—and almost all invested in England. It is also recorded fancifully that he was a shepherd boy on Mount Hymettus and then a page attached to a restaurant, his duty being to warn husbands of the approach of their wives. After which comes a blank until he turned up in France after the war.

THIS I do know: that he has a yacht on which he lives at Cannes, a charming wife named Lola who still believes in luck, a semi-permanent suite at the Royal at Deauville, a caddy named Lebelle and several close English friends including the Stanleys and Lord Castlerosse. Chiappe is one of his chief buddies in France. On occasion he will spend as much as six consecutive hours on the golf course—as he did with me in August. He never goes to bed before 5 a.m., suffers occasionally from insomnia, eats practically nothing, and drinks less, plays *eight*-pack bezique for fun. Knows more about anybody's bank-balance than the bank manager himself, and has one favourite story. A Mancunian returned home and was asked if he could explain how baccarat was played. He scratched his head and remarked, "Well, I don't really understand it. But I will tell you what happens. There are ten men and women sitting round a green baize table with about sixty spectators as well; in the middle is a little man with a wooden box full of cards. The little man gives a card to the nearest man on his right, and another to the nearest man on his left. Then, after taking one himself, he repeats the process and takes a second card for himself. Then the man on the right smiles and says 'No,' and the man on the left does the same. Then the croupier says 'neuf,' and everyone says 'damn.'"

Charles Graves

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Films of the Day

A New "Rave" for Female Fans : By George Campbell

ROBERT TAYLOR is the new film "rave." His following among America's female fans is already terrific, and the prophets are saying that within a year or two he will have taken Clark Gable's place as the greatest male draw, in the sex-appeal class, since Rudolph Valentino.

Why, I wonder? He has a fine physique; but so have a hundred others. He is handsome, but in a saturnine way reminiscent of Lou-Tellegen, Francis X. Bushman, and the other menaces of silent days. The fact that he began his spectacular screen career playing cads may not be significant. Ernest Torrence, in his later days the personification of benevolence, was the "heavy" in *The Covered Wagon* and *Tol'able David*—a deep-dyed villain who had only to be glimpsed in the middle distance to set rustic audiences muttering threats. William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Jean Arthur, amongst present-day favourites, also succeeded in persuading producers and public to accept them as sympathetic characters after careers of villainy.

But still the case of Robert Taylor rather puzzles me. Of his charm and sterling worth off the screen I have no doubt. On the screen he seems to me always a little sinister. It may well be that for women this is the secret of his charm. No woman so virtuous, they say, that she does not admire a rake, none so modest that she does not dream of taking in hand some handsome scoundrel and exhibiting him at tea-parties as the model husband. Hence the "Sheikh" motif and the best-sellers of Miss Ethel Dell, whose heroes rode horses to death, treated women like dirt, and were generally sadistic to the point of being "cases" in the Freudian or even Krafft-Ebing sense.

YOU may observe Mr. Taylor at his best in *His Brother's Wife*. I say at his best, because the story, though otherwise indifferent, gives him opportunities to be light-hearted, romantic and brutal to the heroine—and what more could his followers desire? He plays a young doctor about to set out for a place in Central America devastated by spotted fever, a disease about which I learnt nothing from the film except that it seems to attack the victim violently a minute or two after inoculation, and produce delirium of the more romantic kind. The hero spends his last New York leave on a wild spree with Barbara Stanwyck, losing a thousand pounds or so in a crooked gambling saloon, snatching hats from passing strangers and carrying on generally like a Glasgow medical student rather than a brilliant research scientist. The lady is enchanted. She demands he shall give up his work and marry her. The hero's virtuous brother naturally urges that he should go through with his job, so the damsel, by way of revenge, turns round and marries *him*, and then leaves him at the altar—or, to be more precise, in the taxi—because she really loves the brother we met first. It only remains to transplant her to the jungle, give her a good solid dose of spotted fever, and the story reaches the climax you have foreseen since reel two. A machine-made business altogether, in no way redeemed by Miss Stanwyck's strident dramatics and the switching on and off of Mr. Taylor's radiant smile. I still think he ought to be a menace; but just put it down to the jealousy of the lonely male.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" hardly calls for criticism: Shirley Temple's name is as good as a trade mark, at once an indication of the nature of the goods and a guarantee of quality. Little Miss Temple is the Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation's biggest money-maker; in fact, she is said to have brought more money into the world's box-offices last year than any other star. This is partly accounted for by the fact that she has been making three or four pictures a year, whereas Garbo and Dietrich make only one, and Gary Cooper (whose *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* has taken much more money than any single Shirley Temple picture) perhaps two.

There is no doubt of her immense popularity however, and I am one of the confirmed sentimentalists who think it well deserved. The child acts a great deal better than plenty of adults, besides being a really accomplished singer and tap-dancer. Watching her dancing with Alice Faye and Jack Haley, I could see no reason for supposing that she was less expert than they; and at least one of her songs is put over with a sense of rhythm and professional aplomb that few adults could have equalled. An amazing child, more talented by far than Jackie Coogan, who had made a million dollars by the time he was ten, and more versatile than Jackie Cooper and her gifted girl rivals.

IT seems they are trying to put Mary Boland over as a successor to Marie Dressler. In *A Son Comes Home*, she plays a café-proprietress whose rugged kindness has led reporters looking for sob-stories to call her "the Angel of the Water-Front." Fifteen years before the story opens, her scapegrace boy ran away. Another unemployed drifter finds himself in a desperate fix, reads of the Good Samaritan, and goes to her pretending he is her long-lost son. She knows him for an impostor, but believes he is innocent of the murder he is charged with. His chance of proving it depends on his finding the real murderer. Miss Boland helps him in his search, the guilty party is found—and I leave you to guess who he turns out to be.

William Powell and Carole Lombard in "My Man Godfrey"

Here's a different William Powell from the suave Thin Man or the magnificent Ziegfeld. He's a New York "forgotten man," and Carole Lombard is the deb who gets herself mixed up with him in "My Man Godfrey," the film which Gregory la Cava produced and directed for Universal. Eugene Pallette and Alice Brady are in it, too, and it went to the Leicester Square yesterday

Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs

Because of those strikes in June, what's usually a night centre-piece of the Paris season was removed this year to Cannes to be a big date on the Riviera summer calendar. Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs is a huge semi-official charity affair, organised by Leon Bailby of Le Jour, in aid of all the orphanages of Paris. It has always been held in Paris, at the Opera House. At Cannes it reaped a golden harvest from the cosmopolitan pocket. Down below are the fireworks all these people were looking at

Feux d'Artifices: No Riviera Gala is Complete Without Them

Annabella and Jean Murat, two of
Bal des Petits Lits Blancs. Annabella

Soirées de

For Which the Riviera's Co

Photograph

The Maharaja and
in Cannes for that
they have come

France's most famous screen stars, were at the had been working in England since early in the spring

Van Dongen, the French artist, was in another party at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs

Gala at Cannes

mopolitans Dressed in Their Best

by Schall, Paris

Maharanee of Tripura were great gala night: since then over to pay England a visit

Gala de Borrah Minevich

Borrah Minevich and his Rascals ("Vagabondes" in France) were one of the big successes of the Riviera season this year. And no wonder; they are brilliant, as anyone who heard them in London last winter knows very well

Out in the Mid-day Sun

Wayside Encounter in the Basque Uplands

Travellers Will Tell You This Is Harder Than It Looks

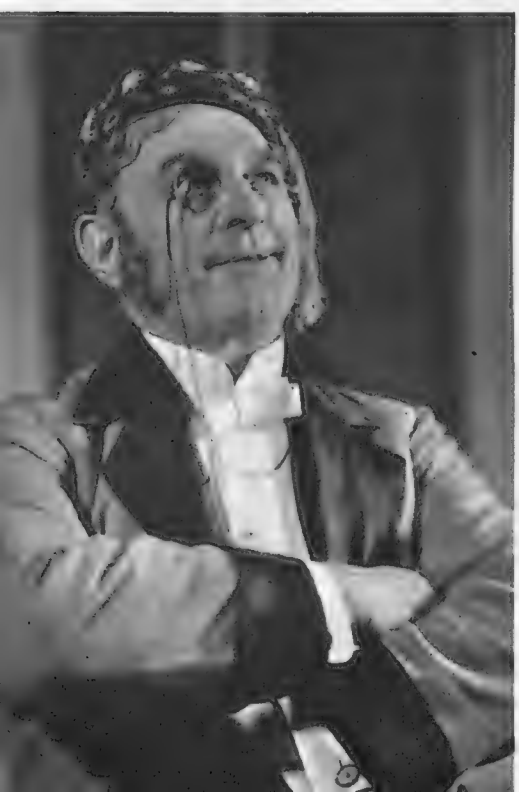
Father of the M

cal Age

Up in the sun-baked Basque country on the Franco-Spanish border methods of transport haven't changed much in a thousand years. The two-wheeled carts that creak along, slung on a central beam that serves as shaft and chassis in one, drawn by powerful low-geared oxen, harnessed by their foreheads, are similar in construction to any that might have been met from Athens to Avignon under the Cæsars. Oxen are more powerful and economical than horses where speed isn't a fetish. The carter has put fur head-dresses over the beasts' brows to keep flies out of their eyes, and when he wants a cooler himself, he squirts a thin stream of the raw local wine into his mouth from a skin bag: it 's the most hygienic way of communal drinking, as no lip ever comes within six inches of the mouth-piece. But the non-expert only gets an eyeful

The Cousins, Laura (Edith Lee) and Kate (Adelaide Stanley)
" Fly forth, O gentle dove, and bear a letter to my love "

Below: Mr. Gill (Frederick Ranalow)



The Flighty Son, Edward (George Benson)
" A little champagne for dear father "

" The Two Bouquets "

A Happy Evening with the Victorians

Fellow Oarsmen and Lovers in Distress, Albert Porter (Warren Jenkins) and Julian Bromley (Trefor Jones)
" We 'll pull, with heavy hearts "

Mrs. Gill (Joyce Barbour) Explains Life

" A girl, to be selected, must be select "

Burlesquing the Victorians is a fashionable game, won, hands down, at the moment by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon with their " comedy with music " at the Ambassadors. They flick the leaves of their Twickenham family album with a lively good-natured wit ; the portraits in it are absurd but endearing ; the lyrics set to authentic tum-te-tum or sentimental tunes are delicious. The cast are Victorians to a man and woman, including Trefor Jones, who joined the company last week. His voice has been heard in less flippant surroundings, and is not unappreciated here. Warren Jenkins and Adelaide Stanley take a share of singing honours ; George Benson and Gertrude Musgrove, Frederick Ranalow and Joyce Barbour all play 1875 so as to tickle 1936 in its sense of humour. Maxwell Wray, producer, and Philip Gough, decor and dress designer, have hit each his respective nail with unerring effect. In short, *The Two Bouquets* is incomparable entertainment

Photographs by John Everard

Edward Quite Often Talks French

" Me voici ! "

Below: the Bashful Lover (Warren Jenkins)

Patty (Gertrude Musgrove) Makes a Hit with Pa-in-Law (Frederick Ranalow)

" Come to the theayter when you 're at a loss,
And tip the wink to Patty, pretty Patty Moss "

Engaged

Tunbridge

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck

Countess Brydgytte Bentinck is the only daughter of the late Captain Count Robert Bentinck and Lady Norah Bentinck, and is engaged to Jonkheer Adrian van der Wyck, son of the late Jonkheer E. R. van der Wyck, Chamberlain to the Queen of the Netherlands, and Douairière Jonkheer E. R. van der Wyck. Brydgytte Bentinck has plenty of Dutch blood herself: her father was a descendant of the first Duke of Portland who came to England with William of Orange. Her mother is the Duke of Gainsborough's aunt

Catherine Bell

Miss Peta Davis

Peta Davis and Anthony Stocker have arranged their wedding for October 21st at St. Margaret's, Westminster; their engagement was announced in July. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis, of 20, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and he is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stocker, of Craigwell Lodge, Aldwick, Sussex. He is in the 13th-18th, and has been A.D.C. to Lord Linlithgow—a job he gives up on marriage

Catherine Bell

Miss Cherry Pinckard

Cherry Pinckard is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, of Hays Lodge, John Street, W.1, and is engaged to an American, Peter Ball, of 154, East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otho Ball, of Chicago, and a brother of Mrs. Gerald Wellesley. Their wedding is planned for October in New York

FROM THE RICH OIL OF THE AVOCADO PEAR

4/6

2/6

Coty HAVE CREATED

AVOCADO *Beauty Milk*

OILS RICH IN VITAMINS Coty "Avocado" Beauty Milk owes its unique cleansing, nourishing and beautifying qualities mainly to the valuable oil extracted from the delicious Avocado Pear. The vitamins A, D and E—their potency fully retained by a special Coty process—stimulate the action of the skin and prevent irritation and infection. "Avocado" Beauty Milk contains no soap or caustic ingredient of an astringent nature likely to cause any "tight" feeling of the skin after use.

UNIQUE PENETRATING QUALITY The remarkable penetrating quality of "Avocado" Oil enables it to go right down into the under-skin tissues, cleansing and nourishing where other substances cannot reach. Moreover this deeply-penetrating oil serves as a "carrier" for all the other vital ingredients in the Beauty Milk.

PERFECT NATURAL CLEANSER Patted into the skin at night or during the day before renewing-make-up, "Avocado" Beauty Milk provides a perfect "foundation", removing all traces of powder, cream and rouge from deep down under the skin. Its regular use ensures a smooth, clean, well-nourished skin.

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"Avocado" Oil and all the other valuable properties of the new Beauty Milk are blended into "Avocado" Soap. You will quickly appreciate its soothing effect upon the skin, its high curative quality and rich soft lather. Use it regularly if you value the charm of a perfect complexion.

Two of the successful forerunners of Coty's new Beauty Creations

"Bystander" Short Story No. 56

You're Real

By Lesley Storm

"I came over to London because I guessed it was the one place where I'd find the girl to suit me"

Illustration by Vasco Lazzolo

"YOU'RE real, Mona. That's what I like about you. You're honest. You don't know what a break I've had meeting a girl like you. Now I'll tell you something."

"It's very late, Bill."

"Never mind. It's a special night. I say goodbye to a whole lot of things to-night. And I don't give a darn. I'm glad. Yes, sir, I'll say I am!"

"You're not going away?"

"Sure. Back to Santa Barbara."

"But I thought——"

"I'm not going back alone. Don't get that in your head."

"No?"

"No, baby. Now I'm going to tell you something. I came over here to England with a definite purpose. Guess I'm the kind that always has a purpose. And I see straight: that's been my curse."

"Awkward for you."

"More awkward for the other guy, though."

"I'm sure."

"Guess you know by now what I came for?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Well, you ought to. I came over to London because I guessed it was the one place where I'd find the girl to suit me."

"Why London? What's the matter with Santa Barbara?"

"The trouble with Santa Barbara—the trouble with all America—is that the women have made marriage a racket."

"Theirs?"

"Theirs, of course, and the lawyers. Do you know that the amount of alimony paid out per year in the United States would make all the war debts of Europe seem like a kid's pocket-money? Can you picture the sweat behind that?"

"Whose?"

"The poor devils that pay it. You can't picture it, of course. It isn't your problem. Here in England marriage is co-operative. A man is still head of his household and women are in their proper place."

"Is that co-operation?"

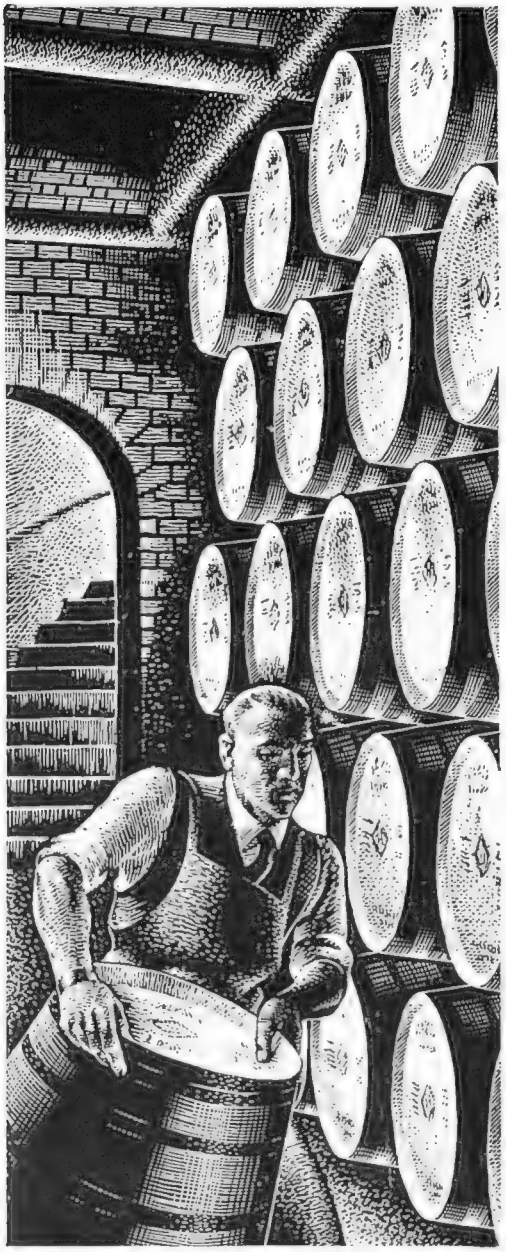
"Sure. Nature's own brand of it. Well, one day I said to myself that before I got caught up in an invitation to sex I'd get out and look around a bit. I'd organise my future. I'd go and find an honest woman or burst. So I set out like that Greek guy, Diogenes, who went about with a torch looking for an honest man."

"Did you bring your torch to London?"

"Sure. I brought my eyes. Guess they're as good."

"X-rays, darling."

(Concluded on page viii)



It takes time to bring gin to the perfection that is Booth's

BOOTH'S

The ONE *Matured* GIN

For long years before it reaches its great and constant public, Booth's Old Matured Gin has slept in the cool silent peace of age-old casks, gaining its characteristic richness, its roundness and the pale tint of amber—its emblem of maturity. Be firm, ask for Booth's by name and "see" that you get it.

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE GOLD SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED, LONDON E.C.

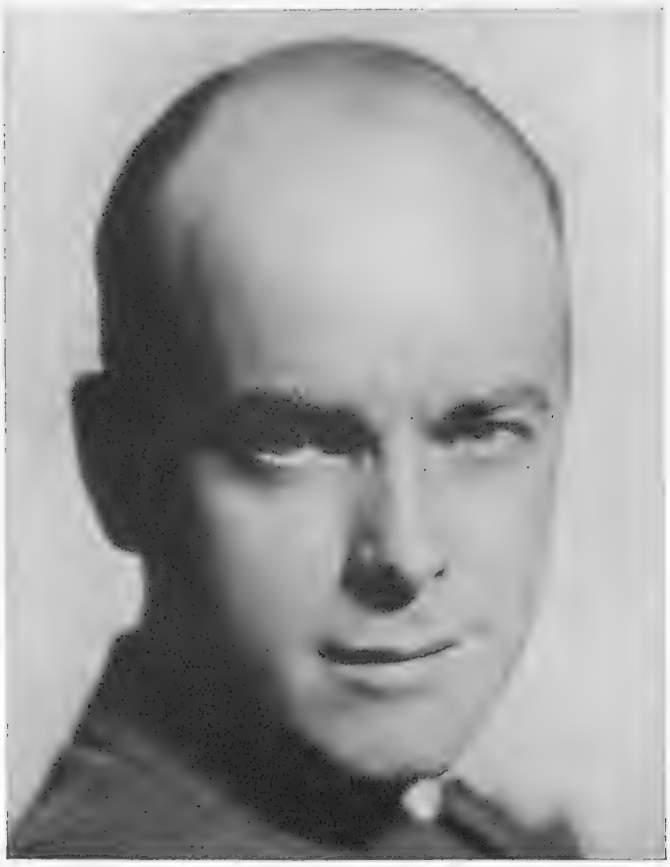
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Escapade: By Alan Thomas

"AWAY FROM IT ALL," by Cedric Belfrage (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is described as An Escapologist's Notebook. An escapologist is "a person who looks the facts of life in the neck, or by sheer force of imagination conjures them out of existence or runs away from them." Mr. Belfrage, himself a trained escapologist, makes an effort to get away from it all ("it" being the conglomeration of evil forces known as Western civilisation) by taking a journey to the South Sea Islands. He is a rebel, and a couple of quotations will illustrate his outlook. To a young Cingalese girl "it was no good speaking of the British Constipation, of the cheapness and cruel stupidity of much that went on in the majestically mouldering Motherland." And again: "Sitting here in the Taj you saw in action the official British policy of fawning upon and maintaining the power of the native capitalists and feudal lords." Thus he pursues his way eastwards through "the Somerset Maugham country," through the "freak Eden of Bali," and so to Australia where "the workers were beginning to think for themselves," but were hampered in discovering "the truth" through a lack of left-wing information.

But the cream of the book, the part that will ensure its popularity, is the account of the "Schooner Ride" from Auckland to Apéuka. There are only four persons on board—Mrs. Scott, the owner; Roy, the Engineer, whose rare visits to the engine-room always made him sick; Mr. Belfrage himself, and the Cap, who was "a hard-drinking, hard-loving (if so delicate a word could be used for his horizontal hobbies), hard-bitten, two-fisted shellback mariner." The story of this voyage is without exception the most brilliant and amusing piece of descriptive writing I have read for years.

Mr. Belfrage has a pithy style, and gets a good many of his literary effects by the use of American slang. *Away from It All* is not a "nice" book. In the language of escapology it is a book in the worst possible taste. Unescapologically speaking, it 's a winner.



Cedric Belfrage

Cedric Belfrage has written a travel book called "Away from It All," in which he regards the world from an "escapologist" point of view, and gives a vivid and entertaining account of what that point of view shows him between here and the South Sea Islands

NO very deep knowledge of history is required in order to enjoy Carola Oman's life of *Henrietta Maria*, wife of Charles I. of England. She described herself, rashly enough, as "not only the happiest princess, but the happiest woman in the world." Yet the first years of her married life had been anything but propitious. To begin with, she found Charles "cold and perverse" and "conceived an hysterical aversion from him, which was to preclude for over three years all prospects of a Prince of Wales." At the end of that period however, the King and Queen fell in love with one another, and on May 13th, 1629, Henrietta's first child—the first of nine—was born and died. But her husband was always number one in her affections.

Sixteen years after her first landing in England, she left for Holland, "intent upon raising money to assist her husband." A year later she was back again bringing a fine army, and styled by her enemies "Mary, by the help of Holland, Generalissima." The last eight months as wife of Charles were spent at Oxford, and it was at Abingdon that they said their last farewell. She went to France, where, after the death of the Martyr King, she founded the nunnery of Chaillot (a site till lately occupied by the Trocadéro), and acquired the chateau of Colombes. It was here, after an "Indian Summer" spent in England between the dower palaces of Greenwich and Denmark House, that, on September 10th, 1669, she died.

She had lived in a time of great tribulation, but in all her trials her courage never failed her. Miss Oman's book (published by Hodder and Stoughton at 18*s.*, well indexed and illustrated by nine full-page illustrations) is a scholarly work; but in spite of the wealth of detail, the scholarship never obtrudes upon the interest of the narrative.

IN *Geneva Scenes* (Routledge; 10*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Norman Hillson, well-known newspaper correspondent and close student of foreign affairs, records his personal narrative of post-war European history. The book might almost be described as an obituary notice of the League. Indeed, in the last chapter, when he is giving thumbnail sketches of some of the more prominent members of the Secretariat, he refers to the League and its employés in the past tense. Not that he shows himself to be an enemy of the ideal for which the League stands (or, as he would say, stood). His attitude is rather one of saying: the ideal is all right, but what are you to do in a world where self-interest among nations is as dominant as ever it was? For the League's failures he blames the shortcomings of its members and what he calls "the inflexibility of the Covenant." As to the future, he is almost completely pessimistic. The hope of European peace "must now be indefinitely deferred."

Not everyone will accept all Mr. Hillson's assumptions or conclusions. The value of his book lies rather in showing how the world went wrong than in suggesting how it might be put right.

MR. RICHARD BLAKER'S book, *But Beauty Vanishes* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), seems to me to misfire. It is not that Mr. Blaker hasn't plenty of shot in his locker, or that he doesn't know how to handle his gun, though his technique is unconventional. It is, I think, a case of the haziness of the atmosphere obscuring the target. In its elusive way the picture is one of family life. The chief characters are Stewart Glynne-Stewart, a scientist, who has what an outsider may legitimately regard as the misfortune to be married to a woman whose life is a series of enthusiasms—the enthusiasm of painting, of having a baby, of self-abnegation, of nursing and finally of successful novel-writing (it would be dreadful to think that all women novelists were like Beryl). Then there is her brother George, who knows a good thing when he sees it, whether it be the commercial possibilities of a scientific invention, or the advantage of being an advisor to buying boards during the war. He is easily the most tangible character in the book, and my sympathy was all with him in his dealings with Ronald Pollock, a sensitive and very tiresome Scot whose "affair" with Beryl hovers through the pages. And, lastly, there is Hester Billiter, mother of George and Beryl, a woman of "quiet confidence," round whom the lives of the differing characters are woven. The pattern they weave is delicate, but dull.

Autumn Fashions . . . . . *by Elizabeth*

Philip Harben

Black furs are very fashionable this autumn, and Harrods, Knightsbridge, are showing an extensive collection of beautiful coats and wraps, many of which are in Persian lamb or dyed American broadtail. The latter is used for the handsome coat above with luxurious silver fox collar. It is designed to fit the figure, and is slightly waisted, the sleeves being full from shoulder to elbow. Though swagger lines still prevail very largely, there is a definite trend towards three-quarter-length tunic styles, belted and flared, with square shoulders and full sleeves. In the case of flat furs, collars and revers are tailored unless a long-haired pelt is introduced

"All Star Cast"

A jockey cap with a tall, angular crown and square peak describes the hat above from Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street. It is available in felt or velour in several becoming colours, including brown and navy

The beret has taken a new turn this season, and is sometimes worn off the forehead like a halo. This line is reflected in the felt model above from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

High crowns are the talk of the town. Some have a military air, while others are pointed like a dunce's cap. In this case the crown is left open at the top and cut away to reveal side curls. It is made of felt with a contrasting band of suède, and comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge

"Too Good to Lose"

Here we have the forward movement which is always appearing in different guises. Swan and Edgar are showing this hat in a warm shade of russet felt with an elaborately twisted brim and tucked crown

Veils, stiffened to stand away from the face, are perceptibly longer this season, and often fall well below the chin. They may be loosely pleated like the model above, which hails from Woollands, and is worn at a decidedly rakish angle. It is made in black felt threaded with chenille, and is particularly smart with a tailor-made

The coachman's hat is yet another variation of the high crown. It is usually somewhat severe and is frequently made in hatter's plush. The one pictured comes from Henry Heath and is carried out in felt trimmed with petersham and a chromium buckle

Dover Street Studios

"Invitation to the Waltz"

There is a demure charm about this picture frock which cannot fail to appeal. It comes from the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and is expressed in heavy white satin appliquéd with coloured floral motifs. The corsage is perfectly plain, and there is a flower-trimmed muff

Tunics accompanied by a slim fitting skirt are the rage this season. Some are very flared, others remain straight, like the model on the left from the tea and hostess gown department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. In this, the frock is skilfully draped, while the tunic coat is in a darker shade of violet

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, W.1.

Tailored yet softly feminine . . . this is the keynote of the newest Lingerie for autumn, in 'Celanese' Crepe Satin or 'Celanese' Crepe de Chine.

"They Walk in the City"

A coat and skirt is absolutely essential at this time of year, when the air is crisp without being cold. Checks are always smart and offer a wide choice in colour and design. The suit pictured above is of Linton tweed in shades of blue and russet, designed and carried out by Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. It is admirably tailored with a double breasted jacket and plain skirt

For those who prefer something a little less severe, there is the suit on the right from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is carried out in brown novelty wool with a hairy surface, flecked with white. The belted coat is trimmed with brown Indian lamb, the lower part forming a muff. A deep side pleat lends width to the skirt. Fur is largely used for trimming and appears in unexpected places

Lenare

Telephone :
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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
(Debenhams Ltd)
OXFORD STREET
W·1·

ARE YOU ON A HAY DIET?—You can get special Hay Lunches in Marshall's chintz restaurant.

For "Little" Women

EVEN if people have called you a half-size in the past, you're going to surprise them with your statuesque tallness when we get through suggesting your Autumn fashions. They achieve the magic of height-impression, because they are specially designed to do so. Many of the World's smartest women are shorter than 5 ft. 5 in. Call and see our new Small Size clothes for all occasions.

LOOK slim and trim in this man-tailored Coat with its magnificent collar and revers of Squirrel dyed to the newest shades. Novelty woven basket cloth is the material. In our four specialized sizes. Lined throughout. 11½ GUINEAS

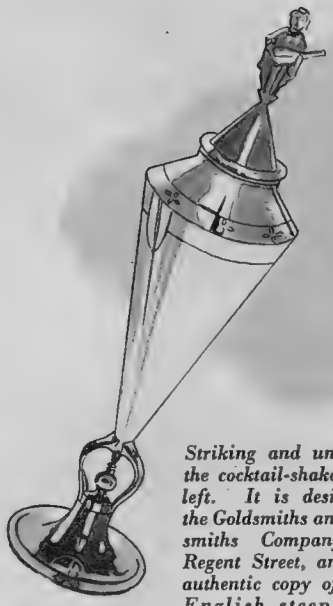
THE lavish trimming of Persian Lamb distinguishes this Coat which incorporates the important style notes. It is a triumph! In Poit de Laine in brown, green, wine and black. 16½ GUINEAS

SMALL SIZES—FIRST FLOOR.

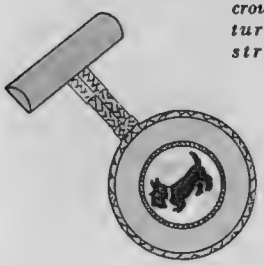
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of

NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM



Striking and unusual is the cocktail-shaker on the left. It is designed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and is an authentic copy of an old English steeple cup, crowned with the picturesque figure of a strolling minstrel

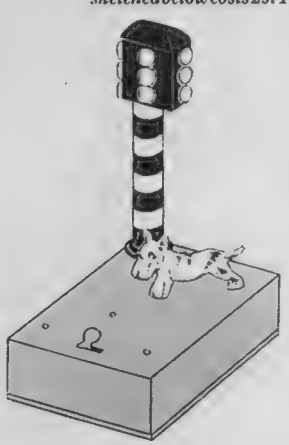


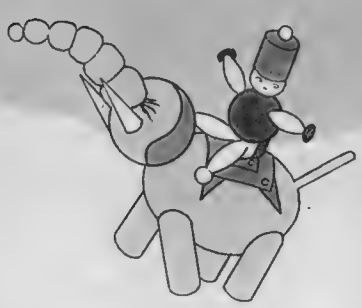
Since flowers are out of season, choose a brightly coloured fob to wear with your tailor-made. The one above is enlivened by a black terrier and fastens like a brooch.

A large pink rose with trailing stem and satin leaves distinguishes the frock on the right designed by Baroque. It is carried out in dark green satin and is swathed to the figure in graceful folds. The bare shoulder is a new note

This fortune-telling cup from W. J. Marshall, 473, Oxford Street, will add greatly to the enjoyment of a tea-party. It is painted on the inside with cards, and when the tea leaves stick, all you have to do is to interpret their meaning from the key sentences round the saucer

Traffic lights have come to Selfridge's, Oxford Street, in the shape of bedside lamps. They work from an electric battery, and are very useful at night. The one sketched below costs 2s. 11d.





Children will love to visit W. J. Marshall's toy shop, as it is full of hidden treasures. The mascot on the left might well be a caricature of "Elmer," Walt Disney's new elephant. It is made of wood, painted in bright colours, and costs 1s. 3d.

For theatres and restaurant wear, Baroque has designed the model above in black velvet, cut on close-fitting lines. The low back is relieved by a scarf cape heavily trimmed with dyed fox. This idea is repeated in the velvet mittens which are very becoming

The Eleventh Green at Stoke Poges: a Putt in the Final

Peggy Edwards, the Winner

Peggy Edwards (Manchester) won the 1936 "Bystander" Girls' Championship, and received her cup from Miss Diana Fishwick, an illustrious "Old Girl"

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

Chapter II.

DEAR BYSTANDER,

So Peggy Edwards has taken the Girls' Championship Cup, and the Stoke Court one into the bargain, back to Manchester, and once again it is the same old story of putting, putting, and yet again putting. That is not to say that she cannot hit the ball as far or as straight as the majority of people who have, as she has, an L.G.U. handicap of 5, but it was the number of long putts she holed, and the amazingly few times she took three of them, that pulled her through. Especially was that so in the semi-final, when she got down in one putt no less than eight times, and because her striking of the putts is smooth and rhythmical, as well as effective, it is easy to predict that she will go on putting well, and therefore being an effective golfer for as long as she cares to work at the game as hard as she does now.

In the runner-up, Jacqueline Gordon, we have a player of greater all-round potentialities, with the outstanding length and power which makes the rest of the game much easier for her than for the "good little 'uns," and so it is natural to predict that she will go further than Peggy when both are swimming in the big blue sea of grown-up golf of the first-class persuasion. She has come on enormously since last year, in spite of only getting holiday golf. Now that schooling is over, we must look out for squalls and Middlesex for a very promising young player. (So, by the way, has that county in Dorothy Drew, who tied with Sonia Swinburne-Johnson for the Craig Challenge Cup at four down—a fine performance for two sixteen-year-olds playing a par of 76 from scratch.)

As to the semi-finalists, Jessie Baxter who lost her semi-final 4 and 2 to Peggy Edwards, is another great holer of crucial putts, and with a power of fight which will stand her in grand stead; there is a lilt about her swing delicious to watch, but perhaps needing a little crisping up—if I may coin the expression—for complete steadiness. And Sheila Stroyan, beaten on the last green by Jacqueline, I am still inclined to think was the best, certainly the most knowledgeable, golfer of the whole forty-one, only she was stale after much practice, three Continental championships and Fathers and Daughters as a prelude to the week at Stoke. It is a very ticklish business, to be just the right amount in practice, without overdoing it; Sheila has all the shots and the ideal temperament, and there ought to be a goodly number of championships one way and another to her credit before she is tired of golf.

Jacqueline Gordon — Runner-up

Jacqueline Gordon (Stanmore) was beaten in the final by 3 and 2. She and Peggy Edwards are both seventeen

All of which seems to have thrown a good many bouquets, but I do genuinely think they are deserved, not only by these four, but by a great many other competitors. This year, perhaps more than any preceding one, there were plenty of good stylists at Stoke. Looking round, or sitting by the seventh watching the girls hole putts for 2—or pick out of the ditch—competitors all looked golfers, and to be getting results by right methods, not in spite of wrong ones. I don't mean for an instant that if you were to fling these girls here and now out of their depth into the English Close Championship, or at the top of county teams, they would do anything outstanding. That is where Stoke is misleading. Against their own contemporaries these girls do produce the most amazing figures, 37 out, two over fours for their matches, and so forth and so on, but, golf being the tremendously mental game that it is, I dare wager they would not go anywhere near those figures against, say, Miss Barton, Miss Newell, Miss Doris Park, Miss Tiernan, Miss Jessie Anderson, nor even a lot of just-below-the-top notchers.

All of which is not said to depress them, but merely to try to keep a sense of proportion in grown-up judgments, and to keep the girls themselves from feeling despondent if they don't go home from Stoke and instantly conquer the world. They did quite enough there to suggest that some day some of them will, and that, surely, is as much as anybody can hope for before they are nineteen?

Now to return to where last week's chronicle left off, and try to sift out some facts. The first match in the third round was Jessie Baxter putting out Lally Vagliano 3 and 1; the number of times Jessie came dead out of bunkers would have broken a heart of stone, and it spoke volumes for Lally that she held on so long.

Margaret Long, too, hung on very bravely to Joan Pemberton, who was still impressing everybody as an extremely finished golfer and most beautiful stylist, an impression confirmed by such incidents as her lofting of a dead stymie at the fifteenth where Margaret looked like getting on terms. Angela Noble had another desperate last-green win, this time from Mary Cowan, who plays such lovely shots so often that it is sad to see the other kind wrecking everything now and again. Peggy Edwards was given a hard match by Peggy Smeeton, who has too much interest at an art school

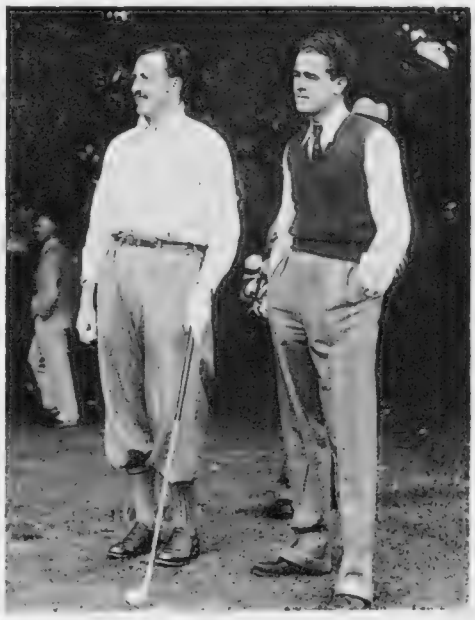
(Concluded on page 548)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The West of England Champion

I SUGGESTED on two or three occasions this year that P. H. F. White should play in our late Walker Cup team, and whenever articles of mine mentioning Pat White have appeared, I have been asked "Who is this White, and what has he ever done on the golf course?"; but, unfortunately, I was never asked these questions by any member of the Walker Cup Selection Committee. In the Varsity match of 1933, which was played at Prince's, Sandwich, White, playing for Cambridge, halved his match with C. Middleton, each player's score being approximately an average of four strokes per hole, which represented some of the best golf ever seen in these matches. At that time, the Varsity match was the most important match of the year for White, and his extremely good performance in it proved, without doubt, that he possesses a good temperament for the big occasion. When his undergraduate days were over, he stayed on at Cambridge to teach the young, and is now a master at Harrow. Since his University days, he has had little time for playing golf, or practice, but in spite of this he has improved as a golfer out of all knowledge, and if he met Middleton to-day in a single, you would find it difficult to get on if you wished to invest half-a-crown on White's chance. Middleton is also a very good player, and has improved; he was in the last sixteen of the Amateur Championship this year. White plays little competitive golf; his only matches of importance are as a rule against Cambridge, and in the Halford Hewitt Cup, which he has assisted Charterhouse to win for the last three years. In Halford Hewitt matches he has on more than one occasion, when all seemed lost, produced a super shot, which has turned apparent defeat into actual victory. Before play started in the final of the Halford Hewitt Cup this year, White was playing a few practice shots, watched by some of the opposing Rugbeian team. White's caddy, who was retrieving the balls, only had to move a yard or so to pick them up, when struck from about 170 to 190 yards. After watching White for a few minutes, one of the Rugbeians said: "Does that man ever play a bad shot? He does not look as if he could." Last year he played in the trial matches, arranged by the English Golf Union, at Woodhall Spa, to assist the selection of the English team against Scotland, Ireland and Wales. He did well in these matches, but was not selected to play for England, because, apparently, among other reasons, one influential person considered that he stood like a caddie boy. There are numerous stances, and they vary very considerably.

W. Lister Hartley (Royal St. George's), who won the Kent Cob with an aggregate of 146, with E. H. Moss (Knole Park). Moss came third in the Bishop's Bowl, played on the Sunday after the Kent Cob



G. H. Micklem (Knole Park) and A. R. W. Low (Aberdovey) making up their score. Micklem, who played from scratch, returned cards of 75 and 74

C. Purcell (St. Enodoc) and G. Scott-Graham (Royal Wimbledon). Purcell returned a good card of 72 at halfway, but spoilt it with a 76 in the afternoon, to tie for fourth place

Left: Dr. J. E. H. Cogan (Knole Park) and Robert Sweeny, junr. (Prince's) at the Kent Cob tournament. It is an annual event run by the Knole Park Golf Club at Sevenoaks

Kent Cob Players at Knole Park, Sevenoaks

MAJOR C. O. HEZLET used to stand with his feet as far apart as possible, and Bobby Jones with his very close together. Major Hezlet was, of course, never as good a golfer as Bobby Jones, but he was a very good player, and most reliable in a crisis, and has a better record than most Britons in Walker Cup matches. It is no good attempting to judge golfers by their stances, they should be judged by the results which they obtain. When these trial matches at Woodhall Spa took place, White was by no means in full practice. This year Pat White has only played in three events of any importance, namely, the President's Putter meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, the Halford Hewitt Cup, and the West of England Championship, and with the exception of the first event has always been on the winning side. The day on which he was defeated in the President's Putter meeting was just the sort of day on which the worse player is likely to beat the better. It was so cold that it was impossible to grip the clubs properly, and all the players were forced to wear so many clothes that they could not swing in anything approaching their normal manner; consequently, in judging White as a golfer, we are fully entitled to disregard his play at this meeting. On his next appearance he assisted Charterhouse to win the Halford Cup and hardly ever produced any shot which was not at least three-quarter good during the four days' play, and has now lately won the West of England Championship. There is usually a very large entry for this Championship, and although some of the competitors are not in the first flight of golfers, there is always a good proportion of really good players.

WHEN you are considering how good a player a winner of a Championship is, it will assist your judgment very much if you look through the names of those he has defeated on his way to victory. White

(Concluded on page vi)

Right: the Hon. Henry Browne and the Hon. Alicia Browne are Lord Kilmaine's son and daughter. Henry Browne is in the Rifle Brigade

Below: Mrs. Kenneth Greig and Mrs. Sydney Emanuel watched a race together. The Kenneth Greigs live in Ayrshire; he is a younger brother of Sir Louis Greig

Miss Hope Madden and her cousin-by-marriage, Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer, sat in the Ayr paddock. Mrs. Cayzer was Betty Williams and married Sir August Cayzer's elder son last year

Racing at Ayr

The First Day of the Western Meeting

First two of this quartet are Sir Graeme and Lady Sinclair-Lockhart, of Cambusnethan Priory, near Wishaw. With them are Mrs. Oliver Muir and Mr. A. Dawson, the sculptor

Walking in the bright September sunshine that made the first day at Ayr a perfect one were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny and, between them, Lady Dumfries

Stretching the Rugby Season into September

Last week Howard Marshall said in "Summer Sport": "Rugby football should not begin in earnest until October." But as soon keep the parent salmon downstream as the Rugger enthusiast off the turf when autumn is here. Brandram, Macdonald (upside down), and Martin, of Blackheath, were loosening up close-season muscles last week

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Beginning of a Domestic Season

HERE we are again—the Rugby football pirouetting its odd course, and all the old arguments popping their heads up for our delight. It is early, mind you, for serious discussion of Rugby football, if such discussion should ever be serious, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt. It is certainly early to be playing Rugby football, though some misguided enthusiasts have been at it for three weeks.

I note in the Rugby world a feeling of relief that we are to have what is termed a quiet, domestic season. No New Zealanders, that is to say, to distract us from our private bickerings. Perhaps this domesticity is a good thing. It will, at least, give us time to think over the lessons we learnt last winter.

DID we learn any lessons last winter, by the way? No new lessons, maybe, but some old ones. I still maintain that nothing is so vitally important to the well-being of Rugby football to-day as a reconsideration of scrummaging principles.

In this matter I have a distinguished ally. At the annual meeting of the Rugby Union last June, Mr. J. E. Greenwood, once more president of the Rugby Union, made the significant remark that "the wing forward would be rendered completely impotent if the opposing forwards kept on shoving."

It is not an original remark, but it is bang full of common sense. And if it is repeated often enough the clubs will gradually tumble to its full implications. Shoving—shoving—shoving—that's what we need—on that foundation we could build up some really tolerable Rugby football.

THE New Zealanders last year were a delightful crowd, and they left behind them the happiest memories. Certainly they served the game splendidly by their sportsmanship and friendliness. Some of them, moreover, were uncommonly good footballers—do you remember little Joey Sadler at scrum-half, and Oliver in the centre, and Hart on the wing, and Hadley, that grand all-round forward? Individually excellent, but as a team not so impressive. And why was that? Largely because their scrummaging was wrong. They persisted in packing 3-4-1—they wasted their strength, in our opinion—they attempted to carry out tactics for which they had not the right type of players. Their tactics were interesting, I will admit. That short pass from the scrummage, and the break in mid-field is worth trying if you have a stand-off half like Cliff Jones or G. A. Waller in your team. But the New Zealanders had no Cliff Jones, and they had too few genuine scrummaging forwards, or perhaps it is more accurate to say that they did not use their forwards as genuine scrummagers.

I return to the New Zealand tour because I am sure all wise club captains have themselves been thinking about it during the summer, and making their deductions. My own deductions boil down to this—the need for old-fashioned scrummaging, and the importance of fitting tactics to players.

RUGBY football cannot be played by rule-of-thumb. A plan of campaign may be brilliantly conceived on paper, but the individual factor will perhaps blow it sky-high in practice. An International team may be shaped according to tactics. With a wide range of choice, that is to say, the selectors may decide to try the New Zealand short pass from the scrummage scheme, and pick a stand-off half accordingly. In a club, with a limited number of players available, the position is different. There you take the team first, and build your tactics about the special capabilities of the individual players.

We have plenty of players capable of putting schemes into operation, and that is a comforting reflection. It brings me, in fact, to another obsession of mine, which is that Rugby football is definitely on the upgrade. We had our disappointments last year, to be sure, but we also had our triumphs. If the match between England and Wales was a flop, England and Wales respectively against New Zealand were magnificent. The players are there right enough—Jones, Wooller, Tanner, Davey, Jenkins, Davies, Idwal Rees, of Wales, Sever, Obolensky, Cranmer, Owen-Smith, of England—the list is imposing, even if we forget the poor slogging forwards, and neglect those who were on the fringes of the International teams.

Here, if I may risk a prophecy, I think we shall see a good deal more of two young stand-off halves this winter. I mean W. T. H. Davies, of Wales, and M. M. Walford, of England. I won't give reasons—this is just a fancy of mine, though I will state with some emphasis that to my mind the most satisfactory and promising of all the newcomers to big football last year was Hadyn Tanner, of Swansea, the Welsh scrum-half. Tanner is a beautiful player in the classical tradition, unobtrusively excellent, quick and intelligent and armed at all points.

WE must not forget Scotland and Ireland, though, and I am delighted to have a letter from an Irish reader who says he and his friends take the BYSTANDER merely for the pleasure of disagreeing with me when I write about Irish Rugby. I 'll give him lots of fun this winter, beginning with the statement that Irish backs are prone to stand offside while the ball is in the scrummage—a practice which they should abandon.

Ireland played some fine, bustling football last winter, and beat England and Scotland—two very satisfactory efforts. I revelled in the work of the Irish pack, under J. E. Siggins, that grand forward and leader: more power to his already astonishing elbow. As for Scotland, they were in the doldrums, and in my opinion a selection committee capable of dropping K. C. Fyfe deserved a good deal of trouble one way and another. But Scotland also have the players, and I know very well that we 've a roaring fine season ahead of us, however domestic it may be.

An American Takes to Rugger

Paul Schwegler, international star of the intricate American football game, is trying his hand at Rugger over here, practising with Rosslyn Park. He is six foot four high, and it looks as if all his fifteen stone is going to hit the hard ground in a moment

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The 'Bystander' Girls' Open Golf Championship (Continued from page 543)

Sheila Stroyan

Was a semi-finalist, and lost to Jacqueline Gordon by one hole. Her club is Sunningdale, and she's just on seventeen

Dorothy Thomson

Is seventeen and belongs to the Girls' Golfing Society; lost to Sheila Stroyan by one hole in the round before the semi-final

Jeanne Brooks

A last-eight player who was beaten 7 and 5 by Jacqueline Gordon. She belongs to Burhill; is eighteen

nowadays to concentrate fiercely on golf, so that 2 and 1 was a very good margin for her to achieve. Jacqueline Gordon was in great form against Pam Shand for a 4 and 3 win, and Jeanne Brooks might well feel pleased to win, even if it was in the end by a lost ball when she was dormy one, from J. F. Halbert, because the latter was possibly the longest hitter of the Championship, and with a little more practice will be formidable next year. (Isn't it satisfactory to think that the last four and thirty others as well of this year's entry will still be eligible in 1937? We shall miss a few old friends, of course, but it's good to know there are still so many.)

Dorothy Thomson had hard work to beat May Love, and had to get a 2 at the sixteenth to do it, May having staged quite a come-back in the middle of the round, and lastly, Sheila Stroyan found that Jean McIntyre could hit the ball a long way and had any amount of the truest Yorkshire pluck, so that 4 and 2 was all Sheila could do against her.

IN the afternoon the thrills were enough to make anybody hot, even without the sun, and it seemed a long way down the nineteenth where Jessie Baxter holed a great putt for her 4 to beat Joan Pemberton, who had put a chip dead to win the eighteenth in 4. Peggy Edwards was away like a flash with Angela Noble, and this time there was no come-back for the southerner, who was beaten 6 and 4. Jacqueline Gordon was even harsher with Jeanne Brooks, to the tune of 7 and 5, for she was out in 38. Those were Sheila Stroyan's figures too, and she needed them, for Dorothy Thomson is a good Scottish fighter. It was Sheila's 2 at the sixteenth which alone got her home at the eighteenth.

The next morning's semi-finals showed that she who can putt is indeed and truly a match for anybody. Peggy Edwards simply holed them all over the place, and it did Jessie Baxter enormous credit that she clung on so bravely, halved the seventh in 2, and was only beaten when Peggy got her third 2 of the round at the sixteenth. Peggy had taken those sixteen holes in 67, of which only twenty-four blows were with the putter!

Jacqueline Gordon, meanwhile, was getting her revenge for last year's last-green defeat from Sheila Stroyan, but only after many ups and downs. Sheila was out in 39 and turned 1 up; she came home in 39 too, and was beaten 1 up; that speaks for itself of the excellence of the golf on both sides. They were square going to the seventeenth and on the green in two really fine wooden shots, while Jacqueline after a huge drive bunkered an iron second beside the green. Then out came Jacqueline to within three feet of the hole, and holed the putt; Sheila not unnaturally was flabbergasted into three, and could not get more than a half with a fine 4 at the eighteenth. Honestly, both deserved to win, and to see how Sheila took it, you might have thought she had too. But that was universal. I never saw defeats taken so delightfully, and it does make one feel the Girls' is an event worth holding.

THE final started with a 4 for Peggy Edwards, and she turned 1 up, quickly made 3 up by a good 4 at the tenth and her fourth 2 of the day at the eleventh. Still Jacqueline was full of fight, and when she was close to the fourteenth hole with a drive and an iron, it looked as if there would be a desperate finish. But down went Peggy's putt from the edge for a 3, and with two halves the match was over in her favour 3 and 2. Both finalists are seventeen, so we may see a repetition next year. But there are many others very little worse, and it is on the high general standard, quite as much as the winning performances, on which I base my belief that there are some very good young golfers about.

And some very delightful ones. What do you think they did, after Miss Diana Fishwick had presented the cups and prizes, but present me with a pair of really lovely glass vases, sort of aquamarine colour and quite perfect. They will be an absolute joy to arrange flowers in, and I really didn't know how to thank them all.

Then I dashed off to Woodhall Spa for the Central England Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa, where the cheeriest of parties was in progress, and the course much the better for the wet summer. I must leave my colleague, Mr. John Morrison, to tell you how he and Miss Cradock-Hartopp reached the final and lost there to Miss Diana Taylor (an old Girl, she) and young Mr. John Ellis, for my space is exhausted. All I can say is there was some good golf, and since Miss Hartopp has lengthened, and Miss Bridget Newell (who lost in the third round) is playing even better than at Southport and Ainsdale, both must be watched attentively at Hayling, where they and I will be this time next week. Till then,

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Angela Noble

Fell to Peggy Edwards in the fourth round by 6 and 4. Her club is Worplesdon, her age eighteen and a half

Jessie Baxter

The youngest semi-finalist, whose home club is Bishopbriggs, was beaten 4 and 2 by the new champion

Joan Pemberton

Last year's runner-up (from Bramall Park) missed this year's semi-final by losing the 19th hole to Jessie Baxter

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The Air Race to South Africa

By Charles Ward

Getting Ready at Portsmouth

AN aerodrome with one of the finest surfaces of any in England has been chosen for the start of the Schlesinger Race to Johannesburg. When the City of Portsmouth decided to build an airport, it was found that the only suitable site was a marsh adjoining a rubbish tip, with a moat and the remains of an old fortress thrown in to make it more difficult. These obstacles were surmounted at very considerable cost—something like £120,000 was spent—and the result is that Portsmouth has an aerodrome smooth as a proverbial billiard table. Unlike the MacRobertson Race, every entry is a standard type, so that a specially long take-off will not be required. Accommodation for pilots and 'planes should be ample, as those ticking over on the line will not number more than twelve. The King has been invited by the Lord Mayor to inspect the starters, and it is probable that he will fly down on Monday next, the 28th, when last-minute preparations are being made for an early get-away on the following morning. Special trains are being run for the event. Wing Commander W. Helmore will be tuning-in to broadcast the last hour between 5 and 6 in the morning, so that those interested, particularly in South Africa, may have the latest news.

Personalities in the "Gold Rush," the race to Johannesburg due to start from Portsmouth on Tuesday next. From l. to r., Captain S. S. Halse, Captain Campbell Black, who is flying for the Liverpool Corporation; and Major Miller, all of whom are piloting "Mew Gulls"

Notes from the Club

THE Royal Aero Club is making all arrangements for the technical control of the Race, and enquiries from those wanting to fly down to Portsmouth should be addressed to the Secretary. The shortest distance that can be flown has been calculated at 6542 statute miles—I was reminded of this exact number by Sq.-Ldr. Ira Jones, who is looking after press publicity for the Club. Pilots must show their number at Belgrade, the only turning point and must land at Cairo, which is the sole control. All time counts as flying time, with the further stipulation that the distance must be covered in 120 hours

(Concluded on page vi)

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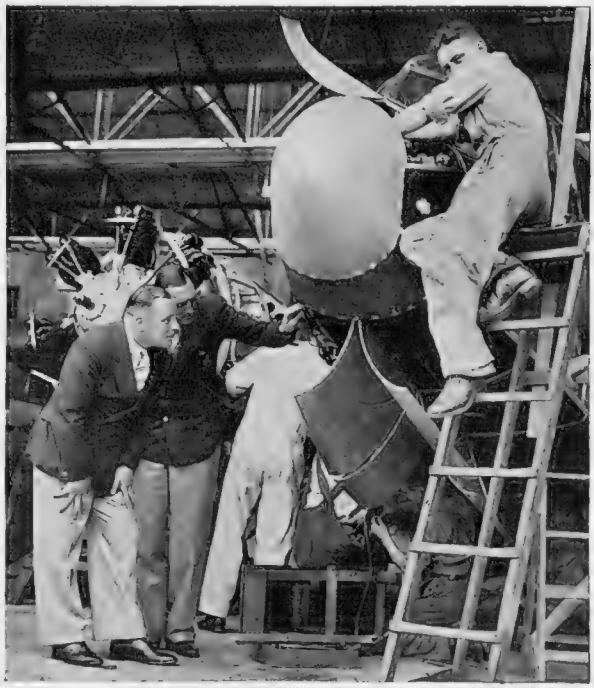
The Air Race to South Africa

(Continued from page iv)

in order to qualify for a prize. An excellent rule is the limitation to no more than one prize for any entry, so that the pilot who gets there first, winning £4000, is debarred from collecting another thousand or so on the handicap formula. The race will finish at Baragwanath, which is the Municipal Airport for Johannesburg, and competitors will be the guests of the local flying club and of the committee of the Empire Exhibition. Throughout Africa, the organisation of Imperial Airways will be at the disposal of pilots who need assistance, especially during the night when flares are to be lit at every landing ground that is not provided with a floodlight and beacon.

Competitors and their 'Planes

THE aircraft of four manufacturers are represented: Percival, Phillips and Powis, British Aircraft and Airspeed. Of these, Percival leads with three Mew Gulls and four Vega Gulls, followed by three from Reading, a Miles Sparrowhawk, a Peregrine and a Hawk VI.; two from Hanworth, an Eagle and a Double Eagle; then a single Airspeed "Envoy." The Mew Gulls are the fastest in the Race, but their duration, limited by petrol capacity, is possibly the lowest, so that more landings will have to be made for re-fuelling. On the other hand, three of the Vega Gulls are carrying two pilots, which means that the range achieved by Mrs. Markham flying the Atlantic solo will not be equalled, unless John Carberry gets that particular Vega home in time to face the starter. The Mew Gull pilots are featured on page iv; Tom Campbell Black's entry was bought by a Liverpool sportsman and presented to the Corporation. The Sparrowhawk is to be flown by Victor Smith, who will be remembered as the South African who has had considerable bad luck on the trail between London and Cape Town in the past. Like many another pilot of courage and skill, he is trying again and stands a good chance for a handicap prize. The Peregrine is in the capable hands of Fl.-Lt. H. R. A. Edwards, who was with the late Miss Winifred Spooner when they landed at Desoutter on the Bay of Naples in the middle of the night and had to swim two miles to the shore—and Sq.-Ldr. B. S. Thynne, the commanding officer of 601 Auxiliary Squadron. Flying Officer Clouston, an extremely versatile pilot, is in charge of the Hawk VI. There are four good teams to watch: Tommy Rose with Bagshaw, a South African, in the B.A. Double Eagle that did so well in the King's Cup Race; C. W. A. Scott with Giles Guthrie in a Vega Gull; David Llewellyn with C. F. Hugesdon in another Vega and Max Findlay with Ken Waller in the Envoy. I am inclined to a sporting bet on Tommy Rose with the Double Eagle as the winner, though a Mew Gull may beat him, given good weather and happy landings at night through Africa.



Max Findlay and Ken Waller examining their Airspeed "Envoy" at Portsmouth Airport. Prize money for the Schlesinger Race totals £10,000, and entries are limited to British Empire pilots and 'planes

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page 544)

on his way to the final, beat in the following order: F. R. C. Love, C. de G. Watermeyer, J. F. F. Pennink, the holder, D. M. Anderson, F. Smith, and R. H. Oppenheimer, who has played for England—a very good collection of scalps. I know nothing of Love or Anderson, but Smith, a local artisan golfer, is most certainly a very good player, and had a very big advantage in playing on a course of which he has an intimate knowledge. In March this year, all the golfing papers were full of Watermeyer's wonderful performance in the Varsity match, when he had an approximate score of comfortably under 70, and slaughtered his unfortunate opponent, who played well, after a long period during which he could do little right. Some argued that White could not possibly be selected for our Walker Cup team because, being a schoolmaster, he is unable to play in the Championships, which take place in term time. This argument is extremely feeble, as R. H. de Montmorency, who was also a schoolmaster, never played in a major Championship until he had retired, but represented England on numerous occasions, and also Great Britain; apparently the selectors of his time showed more initiative than the selectors of the present day, as White has not even played for England.

FOR international matches you require golfers who are very good players, who have had considerable experience and, most important of all, who have good temperaments for big occasions. However good a golfer a man may be, he is no use to an international team if he lacks a single one of these qualifications. Pat White most certainly has all of them, and is also a young man, another advantage of no small importance.

Irish Winner and Runner-up at Portmarnock

J. C. Brown (Waterford; on right), winner of the Irish Amateur Open Golf Championship at Portmarnock, and Dr. W. M. O'Sullivan (Docks), runner-up, with the trophies. Brown, first Irishman to take the title since 1929, had to go to the thirty-ninth hole for his win, after a second round of fighting golf, when O'Sullivan (who is also known as a Rugby player) was at one time one up and six to play

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

You 're Real *(Continued from page 532)*

" Don't kid, Mona. This is serious."

" I wouldn't kid for worlds. I mean it."

" Sorry. But I 'm so used to women wise-cracking half the time. That 's what they do, you know, to hide their manœuvres."

" Where did you study psychology ? "

" I never studied it. It just comes natural to me."

" It 's amazing."

" You 're grand, Mona. That 's what I 've thought all along. It was somebody like you that I hoped to meet when I took this step. Folks all thought I was mad, but I guess I knew what I was doing."

" What were you doing exactly, Bill ? "

" Looking for a wife. Guess I 've found her—have I ? "

" If you like."

" If I like ! Boy ! Gosh, that 's swell, Mona ! If we weren't in a restaurant I 'd show you how swell I think that is ! "

" Don't run a temperature about it. You can get it all off your chest when we get out. Let 's go, Bill."

" In a minute. I 've some other things to get off my chest first. To-morrow 's another day, eh ? And we want to know where we start from."

" I 'll tell you. To-morrow we take out a licence. Then we fly to Paris to get a trousseau."

" Not so fast, lady. Not so fast."

" Darling, I was only joking."

" Guess I haven't got the hang of your English jokes yet, honey, that 's what it is. But there 's a lot I want you to know."

" Never confess, Bill. I might use it against you sometime."

" It isn't that. I 've nothing to confess. My life 's an open book."

" At which page ? "

" Any page you like, including the time I 've been in London."

" You say that a little defiantly."

" Me defiant ?—what about ? Listen, baby, and I 'll give you the whole story. I had a bee in my bonnet about the kind of girl I wanted. I saw my friends getting tied up to hard-boiled little alimony-snatchers who knew all the answers. So I said to myself, ' I 'll go where there 's race.' Breeding—if you know what I mean. I 'll get someone from the old aristocracy of England where money counts for nothing. Who 'll stand by in sickness and health, rich or poor. A girl with a spine and brought up to keep it straight."

" I know, darling. What you really wanted was someone who 'd ' love you for yourself alone,' as they say. And not just because you happen to be a millionaire."

" Who said I was a millionaire ? "

" They say so, whoever ' they ' are. I 've never paid much attention to it."

" Ha, ha ! "

" What are you laughing at ? "

" Me a millionaire ! You 'd laugh, too, if you knew how funny that was ! Wait till I finish my story. I knew that the only chance to get anywhere near the English aristocracy was to come over in a big way. So I had my suite at the Porchester, my Rolls-Royce—which I hired—and everything just swell. I managed it. I went to a party here and there. I asked folks to my apartment for cocktails. I did them proud as you know. It was at one of my own cocktail-parties that I met you."

" Yes."

" Well, baby, I 've done what I set out to do and I don't grudge a dollar of it. I 've found you. You 're real, you 're 22-carat, and it 's all been grand. I 'm ready to say goodbye to it now and start life good and earnest again. We 'll go back to Santa Barbara and start from scratch—just you and me. Gosh, it 'll be swell ! "

" You mean you 've no money really ? "

" Not a dollar by the time we reach Santa Barbara."

" Have you been fooling with someone else's money, then ? "

" Say, now, honey, do I look that kind of a guy ? It was my own—every dollar of it—I realised all my capital and invested it in finding a partner. You 're kind of suspicious, aren't you ? "

" Not suspicious. . . . I 'm sure you 're a scrupulously honest person, Bill, according to your lights . . . but it was a very eccentric thing to do."

" Ha, ha ! Maybe it was."

" It was."

" But justifiable, honey. See where it 's brought us ? "

" Ye-es."

" Well, guess we 'd better be going now that we know all about each other. It 's two o'clock. They 'll be throwing us out."

" In a minute. I think there 's something you should know, too, before we go."

" Spill it, baby. I 've only to look in your eyes to know you 've nothing to tell that I wouldn't like to hear."

" You won't like this. It 's rather dreadful."

" Ha, ha ! I can take it."

" You see, Bill, Mummie brought me up very carefully, very strictly. She was full of maxims——"

" Wish I could 've met her, honey, so 's I could thank her."

" One of them was never to marry for money."

" She must have been swell."

" Another was to avoid like the plague any kind of abnormality, even though it only expressed itself in slight eccentricities. She was a very wise woman, Mummie."

" Ye-es."

" This eccentricity of yours—posing as a millionaire——"

" Me ? Me pose as anything ? Say, honey, you 've got me all wrong."

" Perhaps, dear. But it isn't exactly normal, is it ? What I 'm trying to tell you is that I have to be specially careful—there 's far too much insanity in my family for me to take any risks. Mummie always impressed that upon me."

" Insanity ? You think I 'm bugs because——"

" Sh-sh ! Don't get excited. You 're very excitable, Bill. And rather exalted."

" You mean I think a lot of myself. So I do. . . . I 'll show you, honey."

" Naturally, but you 're exalted and idealistic. Too idealistic, and you suspect young women of being after your money—which you haven't got. I 'm sorry, Bill, but it 's a bit dangerous. Not for most girls. But for me it is, with my family history."

" You mean you 're walking out on me ? "

" Bill, Bill, be reasonable ! This is a discussion. A question of eugenics."

" Do I get you straight ? You 're trying to tell me I 'm bug-house ? "

" I don't know what you mean—bug-house. I think it was definitely an odd thing to do."

" Well, forget it, honey. Maybe it was, but it was just my way of getting to meet the right girl."

" And then you compare yourself with Diogenes, walking through Athens or wherever it was, with a torch. I don't want to frighten you, Bill, but I really think you should see a psychiatrist."

" I 'll see anybody you like after we 've got that licence."

" Impossible, Bill. I 'm terribly sorry."

" Say, Mona——"

" I shall always remember you, Bill. It 's quite a tragedy actually. But we must keep our chins up, mustn't we ? You 've been frightfully sweet — the diamond bracelet and all the flowers and things. You 've taught me a lot, Bill. You 've been a valuable experience, actually."

" It 's a valuable bracelet."

" I know."

" Well . . . guess I know where I 'm not wanted."

" Darling, don't be hurt. It 's so much better to be honest about things. You told me that was what you liked about me."

" I did. I do. But I can't get you. Now if you were an American girl, I 'd just say——"

" You 'd say I 'd turned you down when I found out you 'd no money. Bill, Bill, how little you know us over here . . ."

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 23 — September 29

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.—Mary Ellis is the pivot of this character piece as an actress who tries to renounce youth in vain; a fine performance by her: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GIRL UNKNOWN.—Almost a one-part play for Lucie Mannheim as a Trieste waterfront waif shot into respectability; good subsidiaries are Wyndham Goldie, Frederick Lloyd, and Hugh Miller: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival of the Capek Brothers' lepidopteran satire on human activity; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars, and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—Tyrone Guthrie has made the most of Shakespeare's early and entangled play with Margaretta Scott as a sprightly Rosaline, Alec Clunes as Biron, Michael Redgrove as the King, and Rachel Kempson as the Princess: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CERTAINLY, SIR!—George Robey, Mackenzie Ward, and Renée Houston lead in this piece by the authors of hilarious *Please Teacher* and *Yes, Madam*: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace. 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 82.—The second of Vivian van Damm's productions has most of the Windmill favourites in it—Stafford and Marnitz, Warden and West, Pearl Hackney and revudebelles; comedian Hal Blue is new: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's witty revue headed by Nelson Keys and Ivy St. Helier, supported by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, is now at the Comedy: 8.30 only.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with great success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism: the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty and facetious dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

OVER SHE GOES.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino are the backbone of this musical: Saville, to-night, 23rd.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, Thurs., 24th.

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT.—Basil Dean presents Lesley Storm's latest, with Edna Best and Nicholas Hannen in the leads: Queen's, Thurs., 24th.

ŒDIPUS REX.—Two weeks' season of Sophocles' drama, played à la Grecque with chanting chorus; Sir John Martin-Harvey as the King, Miriam Lewis as Jocasta: Covent Garden, Mon., 28th.

CINEMAS

ACCUSED (British).—Dolores del Rio, Florence Desmond, and Douglas Fairbanks, jr., in a good back-stage murder drama: London Pavilion.

ANTHONY ADVERSE (American).—Hervey Allen's big novel makes a big film, with Fredric March in the name-part, Olivia de Havilland, Edmund Gwenn, and Anita Louise supporting: Tivoli.

AS YOU LIKE IT (British).—Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, Lawrence Olivier as Orlando; generous display of talent in first British Shakespeare film: Carlton.

ESCAPE ME NEVER (British).—Revival of Bergner's light soufflé from Margaret Kennedy's book: Curzon

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's clever new film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell, as a down-and-out, with Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette in a drama of two ends of society: Leicester Square.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL (American).—Shirley Temple's third film here this "summer" shows her as a lost child-heiress adopted by vaudeville folk; five new songs and some dances are hers: New Gallery.

SONG OF FREEDOM (British).—Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch in a powerful racial drama set in London and Africa; fine songs by Robeson: Plaza

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR (American).—Paul Muni's fine part as the French scientist: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SYLVIA UND IHR CHAUFFEUR (Austrian).—A Viennese soufflé with some good music, Olga Tschechowa and Leo Slezak: Academy.

TO MARY, WITH LOVE (American).—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in quite a sweet little matrimonial tale: Empire.

Première

SAVOY-HOTEL 217 (German).—From the Ufa Studios but set in Moscow; Hans Albers is a fascinating waiter, Brigitte Horney a wealthy visitor, Gusti Huber a Bergner-esque chambermaid: Curzon, Tues., 29th.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

FALSTAFF.—To-night, 23rd, 8.

CARMEN.—Thurs., 24th, 8.

LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 25th, 8.

FALSTAFF.—Sat., 26th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

BARABAU, CASSE NOISETTE (Act 3), GODS GO A-BEGGING.—Sat., 26th, 2.30.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, DOUANES, APPARITIONS.—Tues., 29th, 8.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 23RD: Brahms Concert, with Szigeti.

THURS., 24TH: Russian Concert, with Tatiana Makushina and Nicolas Medtner (piano).

FRI., 25TH: Beethoven Concert, with Lallia Finneberg and Szigeti.

SAT., 26TH: Mixed concert with Miriam Licette, Robert Easton and Clifford Curzon (piano).

MON., 28TH: Wagner Concert, with five soloists.

TUES., 29TH: Haydn-Mozart Concert, with Noel Eadie, Keith Falkner, and Myra Hess (piano)

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Getting Married:

Shute — Macneal

At St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, Flight-Lieut. Frederick W. C. Shute, of No. 9 Training School, Thornaby, near Middlesbrough, married Sheila Marjorie Macneal, daughter of Sir Hector Macneal and the late Lady Macneal

Hine — Meldon

Lt. John F. W. Hine, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Hine, of New Milton, Hants., and Moira Meldon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Meldon, of 39, Molyneux Park, Tunbridge Wells, were married at St. Augustine's, Tunbridge Wells

FitzRoy — Pery-Knox-Gore

Nigel H. T. FitzRoy, of Harewood, Leeds, only son of the late Sir Almeric and Lady FitzRoy, married Diana Pery-Knox-Gore at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. A. F. G. Pery-Knox-Gore, of Escrick Park, Yor

Rickes — Layton

Capt. L. H. Rickes, R.M., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. H. Rickes, of Southsea, and Miss W. Layton, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. Layton, of Seafield House, Alverstoke, were married at St. Andrews Church, R.M. Barracks, Portsmouth

Egerton — Barstow

At Brompton Oratory Captain John Marjoribanks-Egerton, elder son of the late John Marjoribanks-Egerton and Mrs. Egerton, of Villa Lucente, Fiesole, married Cecilia Barstow, only daughter of the late Major Barstow and Mrs. Barstow, of Kittle Charingworth, Campden, Glos.

Stevenson — Picot

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, George Burnett Stevenson, Royal Signals, only child of the late Captain H. B. Stevenson and Mrs. C. F. Thomas, of Chislehurst, Kent, married Caroline Fay Picot, only child of the late Capt. P. S. Picot and Mrs. Forbes, of Bramshott Meadows, Liphook, Hants.

Watson — Alexander

Cecil Stewart Watson, Royal Marines, only son of Capt. and Mrs. C. F. L. Watson, of Shanklin Lodge, Southsea, and Poppy Alexander, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Charles Alexander, of Marina, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, were married at All Saints, Freshwater

Nunneley — Glindon

Philip Nunneley, youngest son of the late John C. Nunneley and Mrs. Nicholls, of Maidstone House, Epsom, and Diana Glindon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Glindon, of 104, Park Lane, were married at St. Martin's, Epsom

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lindsay Wood—Chubb

Ian Lindsay Wood, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, son of the late Captain Collingwood Lindsay Wood and Mrs. Wood, married Betty Chubb at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Chubb, of Marchmount, Chorley Wood, Herts.

Right: Arnold Roberts, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Roberts, of Lexham Gardens, W.8, and Audrey Robertshaw, daughter of the late A. Robertshaw and Mrs. K. Robertshaw, of Luddenden Foot, Yorks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Roberts — Robertshaw

Mrs. William Peters

Mrs. William Peters was married at St. Nicholas' Church, Thames Ditton, on September 5th. Before her marriage she was Phyllis de Nyst Williams, and is the daughter of Mr. Sydney de Nyst Williams

Yule—Wood

W. Noel Yule, of Manchester, son of the late W. L. D. Yule, married Nora C. Wood, of St. Annes-on-the-Sea, on September 5th at St. Thomas' Church, St. Annes-on-the-Sea

Ringrose—Carter

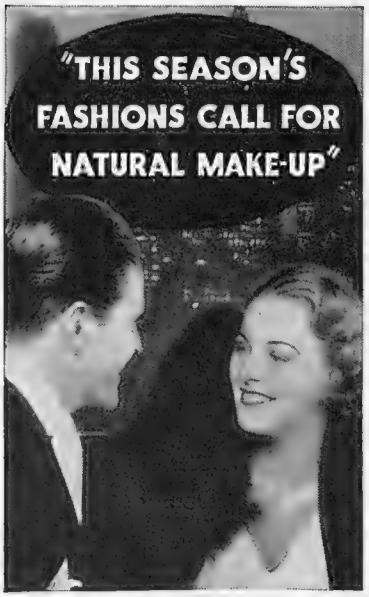
Basil John Ringrose, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ringrose, of Balderton, Newark, Nottinghamshire, and Barbara Joan Carter, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. G. V. Carter, of Waterston Manor, Dorchester, were married at Puddletown Church, Dorsetshire

McKeever—Cameron

Thomas Francis McKeever, of 29, Wellington Place, Dublin, and Gretta Cameron, daughter of Major Ian Cameron and the Dowager Marchioness Conyngham, were married at Slane Castle, Co. Meath

Harrison—Hubbard

Edward Ernest Harrison, elder son of the late E. R. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of 32, Palmeira Avenue, Hove, and Susan d'Esterre Hubbard, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Gerald Napier Hubbard, of The Cottage, Goodwood, Chichester, were married at Boxgrove Priory



That "Painted Look" is out of the Fashion Picture... it's smart to be natural today!

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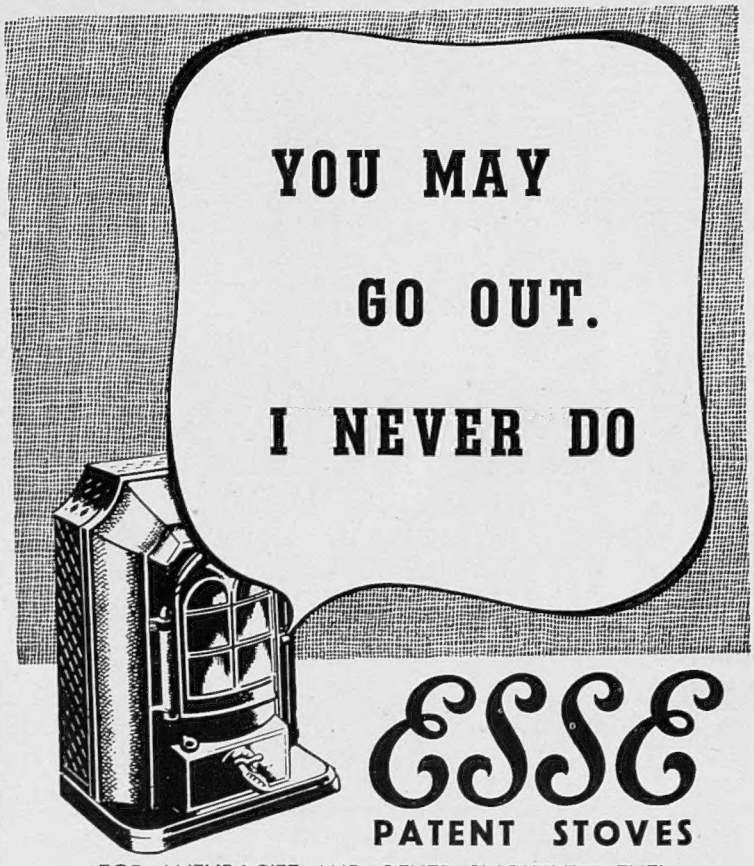

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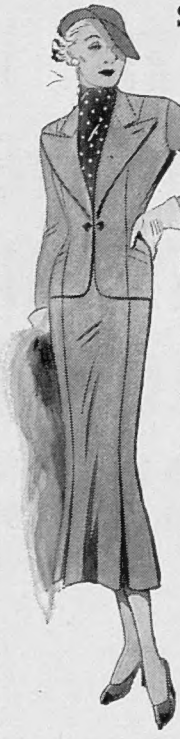

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